

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 52 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors.)

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1890.

TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. For Annual (In advance), \$2. Whole No. 156

Around Town.

"Have you heard that the devil is dead?" exclaimed an acquaintance of mine in response to an invitation to tell me something new. Odd, isn't it, how a senseless rejoinder of this sort sometimes rings in a fellow's ears and rattles around in the empty places of his mind. This saying clung to me all day and as I sit down to work in the evening it is the first thing that suggests itself as text.

What consternation was felt all over the civilized globe last Friday when currency was given to the rumor that the Barings' great banking house had failed! Everyone who did anything of a cosmopolitan business immediately began to examine his affairs as to the personal result such a financial crash would have. Similarly, how each individual would sit down and ponder if anything like an authentic rumor that the demise of the devil had taken place were to be telegraphed over the world! There is not a department of business which would be unaffected. It is really wonderful how much we rely on the devil. Of course the truth of this depends largely upon our acceptance of the definition of the province and pursuits of his Satanic Majesty given by those who are most accustomed to rail at his influence and to condemn such of their fellow-citizens as they suspect of wicked instincts. Taking therefore the orthodox definition of the devil, I imagine that news of his death and the cessation of his influence, would alarm more people than it would please.

For instance, beginning at what we esteem the lower grade morally, the saloon keeper who has been so continuously told that his traffic is of the devil, he would feel like Othello, his occupation gone. No one hereafter would want a cocktail nor cakes and ale. Looking over the world with the narrowed vision which abuse of his calling has given him, he would wonder what "good" business he could go into. Thoroughly aware that there are tricks in every trade as well as his own, he would fear that the devil having ceased to be influential, millinery would cease to be worn and costly meats would no longer be eaten after the selfish impulse to gaudily array the person and to generously feed the stomach, while the poor and starving ones in the land had ceased to exist, consequently it would neither pay to run a dry goods store nor a butcher shop. As haste to become rich would cease with the dynasty of Old Clootie, people would have plenty of time to walk down town and street car service would be unnecessary. Indeed, self-sacrifice having become the fashion and meditation and prayer the main business of life, it would be evidently unprofitable and unnatural to do anything but sing hymns and do the occasional odd jobs necessary to provide the plainest clothing and simplest food. If it would so puzzle a man in a "satanic" business to select a "good" business, how would the philanthropic bankers and millionaire manufacturers regard their future? Nothing would remain but to give away their money and to take up their burden of self-denial and the unusual task of loving kindness with which usury and extortionate profit had heretofore interfered. No one would long desire to be a railway magnate if a war of rates was being waged with the idea of seeing who could do the most good by carrying people from one place to another. The newspapers, having ceased to publish the O'Shea divorce proceedings and the egotistical vaporings of convicted murderers, would discharge their scandal reporters and have no use for their fast presses, inasmuch as there would be nothing worth publishing except the Gospel. Politicians would give way to the preachers, and as there would be no crime the policemen would be out of a job, and the judges soliciting opportunities to saw wood. It is unnecessary to pursue this topic any further. A well-authenticated rumor of the death of the devil, the much-abused, greatly-dreaded devil, would precipitate the greatest crisis the world ever saw.

One slips very easily from the above topic to the great loss Birchall will be to the daily newspapers hereabouts. Poor devil, he is gone, and even yet the press is full of him. Even his hangman has been glorified by publicity which is never given to the man or woman who throughout a life of self-denial and good works tries to rescue the fallen and reduce the woes of the wretched. I don't think the value of the devil to the daily newspapers was ever better proven than by the disgraceful exhibition the *Mail* has made of itself in publishing the autobiography of a young reprobate who, if he had anything in his nature of an interesting sort, it was the careless good-nature with which he asserted before all mankind that he cared for neither God nor man. This moral idiot, who squandered his patrimony, ruined those who trusted him, degraded those who associated with him, violated everything held sacred by gentlemen, took the life of a comrade who followed him, lied to the clergyman who prayed with him, and in every possible way tried to prove by his life and his writings that virtue is a delusion, religion a farce, and honor a snare, has been lionized by the newspapers more than any other man who ever died on Canadian soil. What he has written has brought a higher price than anything that before was produced in Canada. His photograph has appeared more numerously, sketches—which are evidently those of a libertine—of ballet girls who have nothing to recommend them but the shape of their legs, have been given as works of art, and this monster of perfidy has in this way been placed before

every Canadian as a singularly gifted and courageous person. The *Mail*, with cant which is utterly loathsome, has pretended that its publication of Birchall's biography was intended to teach a moral lesson. Such cant, such leprosy hypocrisy, it is to be hoped, sickened the public even while they read the degraded and degrading manderings of the convicted murderer. The *Mail*, which is fighting for Protestantism, which is ready to carry a banner in the procession of prohibitionists, which was not unwilling, at a critical moment, to play traitor to the party which had nourished it, had but to reveal this last and most contemptible phase of its character to be thoroughly understood as a fake and the scariest woman of journalism. It matters little to the majority of people what a newspaper advocates so long as it is thoroughly understood what the declared province of the paper is to be. Those who take and read the *Police Gazette* know what they are subscribing for, but a newspaper which pretends to be pure and lacks no opportunity of being prurient may mislead, must indeed degrade, those who want purity but are seduced into reading pruriently by false pretences.

that capital punishment was a relic of barbarism, a fragment of the old doctrine of revenge, he showed that besides murder there were at least eleven other kinds of crime that were punishable with death under the Mosaic dispensation: "First, 'striking a parent'; second, 'blasphemy'; third, 'sabbath breaking'; fourth, 'witchcraft'; fifth, 'adultery'; sixth, 'unchastity'; seventh, 'rape'; eighth, 'incestuousness'; ninth, 'man-slaying'; tenth, 'idolatry'; eleventh, 'false swearing,'" adding, "Now it is a remarkable thing that those who plead for capital punishment never bring these forward and argue that they should be enforced; now they bring forward that if a man kills another capital punishment should take place because it is written in the Book of Moses."

Dr. Wild evidently is of opinion that the Mosaic law is not law to-day. I do not remember what his views on the observance of the Sabbath are, but I am glad he has pointed out to the modern Sabbatarian that if we are to follow out the Mosaic doctrine in this respect we must put to death those who disobey the Mosaic law, something which, by the way, it is impossible for us to observe in this

tion in the shape of a murderer.

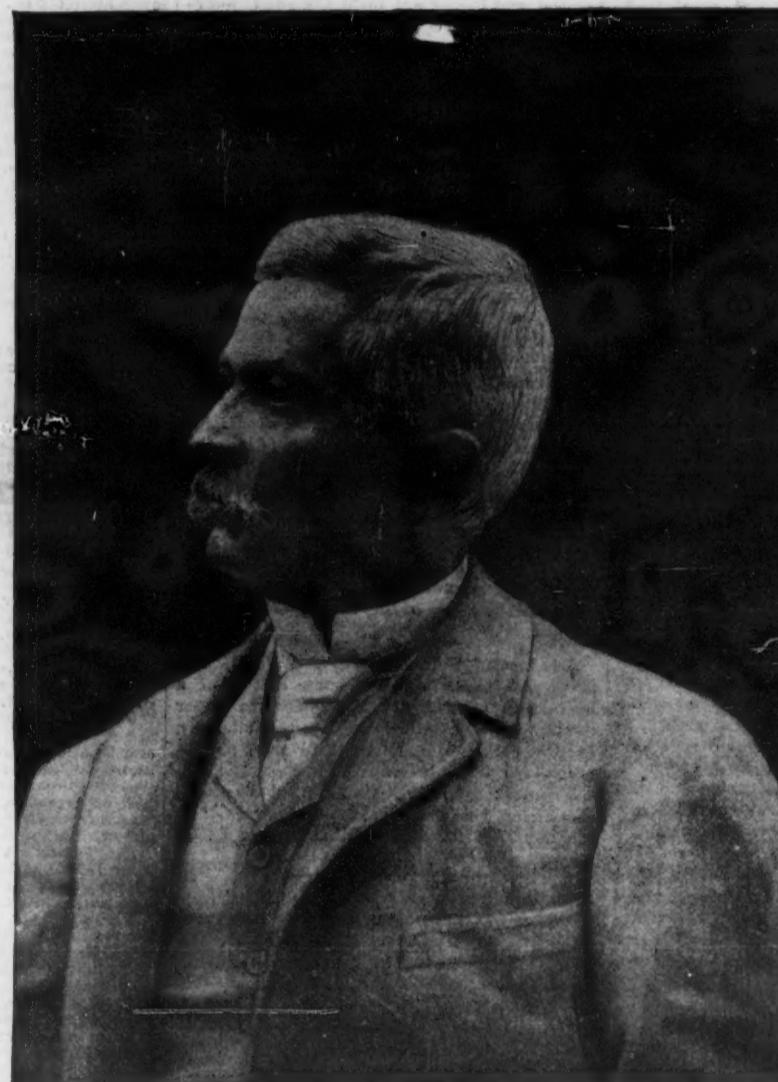
The great trouble with these preachers and many scientists is, they want to deal with freaks all the time, ignoring the great mass of interesting, but human atoms who live and die without so much as the gentle touch of a missionary's gloved hand. Why should we fret over the freaks? Why should the church especially make its doctrines apply to the exhibits in the dime museum of nature instead of the great, surging, sorrowing mass who come into the world and go out of it without any recognition but kicks and hunger? Why should we care for the lives of a few cowardly assassins from whom the world is never safe until the hangman has had them, while gentle women weep and babies cry because they have not been fed, and men gnash their teeth because, without having sinned against the law or been guilty of any greater crime than being born, they are undergoing a life sentence of humiliation and hunger in the dark cell of social oblivion? It seems to prove that human sin and suffering must be thrust into the eyes and the stench of human wrong-doing held under the nostrils of these leaders of religious thought before they

or her reputation by condoning a social offence such as Parnell has been proven guilty of. People say, "Well, if I sympathize with Birchall or endeavor to minimize his offence no one will suspect me of being an unconvicted murderer, but if I have a word to say in favor of Parnell there will be plenty to remark." Well, I guess he is no better himself." In my estimation Parnell has either been an unscrupulous mischief-maker from the beginning or a patriot. I can't sympathize with Irish patriots in everything they do or say, but I can admire the man who, having laid out a career for himself and being animated by the idea of the righteousness of his cause, can do as Parnell has done. He seemed cold and self-contained, as if his blood were the temperature of ice, yet he fought, as far as the world can judge, with an eye and heart single to Ireland's advancement. That he may have made many mistakes and done many wrong things does not belong to the argument. It simply proves that as a politician he was human and, as every other patriot has been, not above the errors of his race. He has been loved by millions, he has been adored as a patriot by Irishmen the world over, and now by the turn of the wheel we see the dignified and icy statesman ignominiously dodging through Captain O'Shea's back window, his enemies hooting at him, his friends with faces averted. The punishment is terrible. Death or imprisonment for life does not enter into comparison with the torture which is being inflicted upon him.

But are we just? With regard to social sinning we can never be expected to be generous. Had we any reason to esteem him perfect Does it give us any right to decry the cause of which he was the apostle because he has fallen short in his private life? Has it been our habit to measure the cause of any country or to weigh the worth of any man who seemed to us a patriot by the private sins which do so remorselessly find out the sinner? Has it been the habit in our own country to persistently hold up to the reprobation of mankind the private shortcomings of our public men? Has it been the habit in Great Britain to calculate private virtue when making an estimate of a public career? Have the great poet's been denied the garland of fame because they could not display the white rose of a blameless life? Because we have loved have we not condoned the faults of sweet singers and eloquent speakers? Because we have loved have we not forgiven much both in public and private life, have we not remembered, when the enemies of our ideal men cried aloud, that from the heat and rancor of debate overpowered by the swirling world of thought, driven from their anchorage before the hatred and malice of their opponents, lulled into false security by the means of praise floating up from the ranks of their friends, men have made the strongest and most fatal alliances, have chosen the wrong part, wandered in the most fatal paths? David did it amid the songs which have come down to us after reverberating through the centuries—the virility of the man, the lust of the flesh and the pride of the eye, led him astray. After having walked with God and having his heart strings the lyre upon which divine fingers played, these poor kings of old proved themselves to be but men, and yet we demand an absolute fidelity to every virtue—virtue which would be often wrenching amidst the safest social surroundings, secured by the most wind-sheltered moorings—from those whose every hour is a temptation. We demand from leaders the virility of the "mammoth" man, the strength of the warhorse, the unchangeableness of the savage, and cry out if it be not accompanied by the virtue of a pure woman.

The axiom of the ancient Roman law, that none but those who can weigh the temptation can estimate the sin, applies thoroughly to the misdoings of Parnell. As conspicuous as the heir to the throne, he has perhaps not been less virtuous. As prominent as the Premier who has been stayed by those strong moral forces, the anchorage of a British nobleman, the battlements of a man who has a great family history in the past and a proud place in British history to preserve. Scarcely less prominent than Gladstone he has none of the moral forces and sacred surroundings to hold him steady which have preserved the leader of the Opposition from falling even while he has been traduced by his enemies. The place in British history occupied by Charles Stewart Parnell is that of a bandit king. He was upheld by a turbulent, one might almost call it a riotous, following, holding in check a policy which his enemies said was dynamite and blood and which his political allies frowned upon while they benefited by it. His was a lonesome figure in British politics and if there be one man above all others to whom my heart goes out, it is the lonely man who has his fight to make regardless of the counsels of others, regardless alike of the whispers of friends and the jeers of enemies. It is an unnatural life, a sadly-disappointing life, a life in which hope and despair alternate. Then when a tempest-tossed, so buffeted by that which stays and supports men who are no better, in causes which are no purer, a man makes a mistake, is guilty perchance of so great a sin, we must look at the temptations, we must esteem the fearful currents in which he was swimming, and remember that the gods have a place in the shaping of the world's ends and in the directing of men's lives.

It may be said that we should not condone in a man in a public and perilous position, even if he has extraordinary temptations, and his feet



Henry M. Staney.

There are many other newspapers besides the *Mail* that deserve the harshest possible criticism for their conduct in this matter. The *Telegram*, for instance, which boasts of the enormous editions it sold descriptive of the hanging and last moments of Birchall, apologizes by saying that the newspapers only provide what the people want. The demi-monde explain their existence in the same way and claim to be a necessary evil. Nobody associates with them who would not be ashamed to take them to their home and introduce them to mother or sister. Must not a newspaper which feels that it is unfit to be introduced into a family and put into the hands of innocence have much the same contempt for its calling as the woman of the street has for herself as she solicits the passer-by? It is a dreadful apology to offer and yet it is the one made by the *Globe* and the balance of those who have been in the same work and who fight with one another in draping with pretty verbal garments the unclean and demoralizing things they have published. How glad these newspapers must be that the devil isn't dead!

Then the parsons, too! Of course it is perfectly proper that they should preach on current topics, but there is a tendency to sensationalism amongst them and we always expect Rev. Dr. Wild to have his say when anything is being said. Last Sunday night he and Rev. Dr. Stafford both preached from the text, "Thou shalt not kill," both aiming at the same conclusion, that capital punishment should be abolished, though they took different methods to prove the same thing. Both were apparently brought to this conclusion by the educated and interesting nature of the victim, the death of so many common murderers having been passed over unnoticed. As usual Dr. Wild's sermon was as much evolved from the encyclopedias as from the Bible. After pointing out

age and under conditions such as we are surrounded by in this climate and country. Possibly he holds that the same modification of the law should be made in respect to Sabbath observance as to murder, that imprisonment for life would be sufficiently severe for those who light a fire on Sunday or journey beyond the specified number of miles. As a matter of fact capital punishment is not retained out of respect for Moses any more than is Sunday insisted upon as a day of rest, because the great Law-Giver made it a portion of his regulations. As a gentleman whom I regard as one of the brainiest members of the Methodist body either lay or clerical in this province, recently remarked to me, "Sunday should be kept not because Moses kept it, but because it is an economic necessity." I think we hang people for the same reason, not because Moses did it, but because we want to get rid of that sort of people. It is cheaper and safer, and altogether more reasonable, to put them to death than to imprison them for life. Of course, as Dr. Wild and Dr. Stafford point out, there is a possibility of converting them, but there are so many decent people now who don't need converting in that way, who are left without even prison fare and never have the ministrations of a preacher volunteered to them, that I think we ought to take care of them first, and after we get so far advanced that we have no decent people dying in want of ample prison provender, then we may take up the problem of making over the murderously bad ones. Until that time comes, if Drs. Wild and Stafford would devote a portion of their energies to caring for honest people who are foolish enough to permit their only crime to be poverty, and have failed to be enterprising enough to become murderers, the progress of civilization won't be stayed by the occasional necktie social which sends up to the Supreme Court of the Universe some human malforma-

tion can be made to recognize the existence of anyone but the well-dressed and well-fed parishioners who fill their pews. Death! Why should death frighten these parsons? Every day in this land of ours the sentence of death is being imposed upon some innocent child, over-worked mother, and unfortunate father. Death! Unmerited death! Death after an imprisonment for life, death after vain strivings to live, death after fruitless appeals to God and His people! Have not all seen it—perhaps helped to inflict it? Our clerical friends could not be silent a moment or rest for an instant from their labor if they felt half as badly about the death of a fellow-being as they would have us believe. Death! Why, this world is a carnival of death. Civilization! Why, it is but another name for the refinement of cruelty in the infliction of death. Death! Was it not the infliction imposed on mankind for the sin of our first father and mother, imposed upon us before we were born, a sentence which will be inflicted on mankind after we are dead? I can't see why it should so greatly horrify Brother Wild or unduly excite the eloquence of Brother Stafford.

No doubt if Parnell had lived under Mosaic law he would now be under the sentence of death. It gives me anything but pleasure to see the way the opponents of Home Rule gloat over the Parnell-O'Shea scandal. We have heard of the fierce light which beats upon a throne, but no light fiercer or more searching could have been turned upon any life than that which has sought out the dark spots in the career of Charles Stewart Parnell. In his absence he seems to have no one whose friendly hand he can touch. Human society and individual character are so weak that while we dare sympathize with a murderer no one seems so secure from attack as to risk his

are swept from under him by an almost irresistible under-tow, anything we would reprobate in another whose life and condition were not surrounded by similar circumstances. I do not specially care for Parnell or his cause, though I admit that both appeal to my imagination and my heart as every other unhappy cause and unfortunate leader appeals to them, but at the risk of being accused of special pleading I ask you to look at the difference between a man surrounded by his home ties with the influences which weave themselves into the life of the private citizen who desires to be good, and the life of the man who is smitten by the winds from every point of the compass, into whose face every furious wave dashes, whose life is but a transition between the gray dawn of a hope that is never brightened into full daybreak and a night which is never illumined by the placid moon of even hopeless peace. We all idealize in poetry and seek to express in rhyming phrase the combat of force, but we do not esteem the torturing quality of the cyclones which break about the shivering figure of the man who dares to stand alone. It is so seldom that a man dares to lead in strange and unlighted paths, the suff' ring is so great to the soul which separates itself from its kind, that surely it is not sinful or indicative of wanton ways if we reach out and clasp the cold hand of the homeless passer-by and hurl at the persecuting or thoughtlessly vindictive crowd the cry which once came from the lips of the Divine Master as He sheltered the shivering woman taken in the same sin: "He who is without sin cast the first stone."

According to the Honorable Sam Blake newspaper publishers require their reporters to be peeping Tommies, liars and blowhards. I like to see a man who isn't afraid of the newspapers, who isn't eternally fawning on them, but Sam Blake is overworking the idea and is endeavoring by being abusive to be thought brave. He is a clever lawyer and perhaps the greatest egotist at the Canadian bar. The whole trouble with Samuel is that he is violently enamored of himself. The Honorable Sam would quit this kind of talk if from this time forward the reporters never had any more to say when he appears in public than, "Samuel Blake then spoke." The reading public would lose mighty little, much space would be saved, and Sam Blake would learn how much he owes to reporters.

When the Citizens' Association were endeavoring to point out to the aldermen that the Don agreement with the C.P.R. was a fool's document as far as the city's interests were involved, they showed conclusively that before it was ratified the railroad should be compelled to agree to erect at its own expense a high level bridge at the foot of Queen street. But no, the Mayor and the balance of those who were more anxious to serve the railway than the city, agreed to leave it open, and now delegations are going to Ottawa as usual to look after it and are being used like a lot of school boys. They have to beg for things that are as clearly within our rights as the air we breathe, and then are forced to come home having obtained nothing but an adjournment. The railroad companies and the railroad committee of the Privy Council are between them successfully making fun of this city and those who represent it.

A Stockton, California, clergyman astounded and horrified his congregation by publicly confessing his sins and implicating others whose names he used with the charming abandon of a man who thinks he is doing right. The tales he told were such as to make people almost faint, and now it is being alleged that he is crazy. I believe that the scriptures teach the propriety of public confession, but certainly it is not or is rarely practised. This pastor's conduct, however, has amply proved the old saying that if we want to create a sensation all we have to do is to take any admitted truth and live up to it.

The discussion with regard to Stanley's conduct of the expedition in search of Emin Bey has re-aroused the interest taken in this noted man, and I am to see that a more recent likeness than the one previously given is to appear on the first page. His appearance at the opening of the Auditorium in this city next Thursday night will doubtless be an event so attractive to Torontonians that every one of the two thousand seats will be filled even at the prices charged, as the rush at Nordheimer's to secure seats is second only to that caused by the appearance of Patti. I am not prepared to depreciate the hero-worship indicated by this anxiety to see a great man. There would be no incentive to effort, no prize to spur us on to achievement if the people did not applaud the man who has won fame for himself and accomplished great things for the world. We like to see how great men carry themselves, how they speak, how they look, and it is doubtless useful, as it gives us a standard, though not always a reliable one, by which to measure those who have set up a claim to prominence.

DON.

Send in your orders for the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, the finest holiday souvenir ever issued in Canada. Ready on December 1. For sale by all the newsdealers or sent postage paid by the publishers, price 50 cents.

Social and Personal.

I predicted last week that the dance at the Fort on Wednesday would be exceptionally pleasant. I knew it was so in anticipation and the facts bear me out. "It was," said a pretty girl who danced unfurled, "the neatest dance I have been to for a long time." Col. and Mrs. Otter received the guests, among whom were: Miss Campbell, Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Yarker, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, the Misses Seymour, Miss McArthur, the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Miss Smith, Miss Mackay, Mr. Harvey Smith, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mr. Dawson, Miss Caron of Ottawa, Capt. Sears, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Evans, Major Harrison, Capt. Elliott, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Hodgins, Mr. and Miss Cockburn, Mr. Tait,

Capt. and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Morton, Mr. Fred Langmuir, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Turrance, Miss Wilkie, Miss Benson of Port Hope, Mrs. Helmman and Mr. C. Beatty.

Last Monday night a gay throng assembled at the handsome home of Mrs. Cameron on Carlton street. The occasion was a large German. There was dancing without a set programme until supper, and then the German began. It was led by Mrs. Eber Ward and Mr. Alfred Cameron, and among others the following ladies and gentlemen participated: Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Misses Seymour, Misses Yarker, Miss Dawson, Misses Homer Dixon, Miss Bunting, Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Walker, Mrs. A. Cameron, Mr. Laurie, Mr. Cronyn, Mr. Ward of Port Hope, Miss Small and Mr. Sidney Small.

Mrs. Cameron's gown was an elegant one of white and gold brocade. Mrs. Ward wore blue and gold brocade, with exquisite trimmings of jeweled passementerie; Mrs. Torrance, white silk, the train draped with white lace and petticoat of pearl embroidery; Mrs. Banks, pale blue satin with black spotted net; the Misses Homer Dixon, white tulie and white moire; Miss Bunting, white, with silver; Miss Seymour, yellow tulie with yellow flowers; Miss Sybil Seymour, green tulie; Miss Small, white crepe de chine and silver; Miss Wilkie, white and yellow tulie, with yellow guerinettes; Mrs. Kerr, white and blue brocade; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, corn-colored silk.

The following guests were at the dinner party given by Sir David and Lady Macpherson on Thursday: Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Dr. and Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. B. How Cumberland, Mrs. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Bickell, Mr. Gamble, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker.

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer is expected home next week, after a four months' stay abroad.

Mrs. F. C. Denison of Brockton entertained a number of friends at tea on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Bunting of Queen's Park entertains her friends at afternoon tea to day.

Mrs. Cosby welcomes her friends to afternoon tea to day.

Mrs. Henry Cawthra gives an At Home on Tuesday next.

Mrs. R. S. Neville of Ontario street welcomed about seventy-five lady friends to afternoon tea on Wednesday. She was assisted by Mrs. Alley and Miss Leah Gibbs. Among those present were noticed: Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. and Miss Gurney, Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins, Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Blackstock, Mrs. McKinnon, Mrs. T. P. Galt, Mrs. and Miss Wilkes, Mrs. C. H. and Miss Gooderham, Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. James Gooderham.

Miss Carson, who has been the guest of Mrs. Hector Cameron, returned to her home on Thursday last.

It was erroneously stated last week that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt had reached home. They sailed per Majestic on November 12, and will return to Toronto either this week or next.

The dance given by Mrs. W. H. Beatty at Harry Webb's on Thursday evening last was a very great success. The floor was perfect, as was also the music, and the floral decorations were particularly fine. Mrs. Beatty wore a hand-made yellow organdy, *en traine*, and diamonds; Miss Beatty, white tulie, with a side panel of white roses veiled with tulie, silk bodice with trimmings of roses and wreath of roses in the hair; Miss Maud Beatty, pink tulie gown, with wreaths of pink roses and roses on the waist and in the hair; Miss Beaumont, heliotrope bengaline and crepe with wreath of purple violets; the Misses Todd, cream silk and gold embroidery; Miss Helen Kerr, terra-cotta silk with garniture of roses; Mrs. Langmuir, black silk velvet, point lace and diamonds; Miss Langmuir, white silk and tulie; Mrs. A. Langmuir, black lace and silk; Mrs. Goderham, blue silk and gold embroidery; Mrs. McCulloch, grey net and pink brocade; Mrs. O'Reilly, white silk and forget-me-nots; Mrs. James Crowther, white and gold brocade, pearl ornaments and trimming; Miss Fanny Smith, pink tulie and roses; Miss Thorburn, green tulie with garniture of myrtle and grasses; Mrs. Nixon, black satin duchesse and white feathers; Miss Brough, white surah silk and net; Mrs. J. Fraser, silver brocade, *en traine*; Mrs. James Scott, white gros grain *en traine*, and lace, white feather ornaments; Mrs. Odene Jones, white satin and gold embroidery; Miss Lockhart, black net and gold; Miss Gertrude Lockhart, sea green tulie and ribbons; Mrs. Walter Barwick, black velvet, *en traine* and diamonds; Miss Bathune, blue silk and tulie; Miss Hodgin, yellow silk and gold embroidery; Miss Macdonald, pale blue and white; Mrs. Elen Heward, blue brocade and diamonds; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, white and green; Mrs. Cecil Lee, white brocade, tulie and snowdrops, pearl ornaments; Mrs. George Torrance, red crepe and feathers, with pearl necklace.

Mrs. E. Gurney of Gerrard street welcomed a large number of friends to an At Home on Friday evening of last week. It was given in honor of Miss Gurney, who has returned to Toronto after a three years' musical study in Boston. The commodious house was arranged with careful nicely for the guests' comfort. The verandahs were enclosed and a supper room built as an extension of the drawing room. The floral decorations were effective, the prevailing flower in the drawing room being the chrysanthemum, while carnations embellished the other rooms, all being further ornamented by palms and fern.

It was with great regret that his numerous friends heard of the very sudden death of Mr. John McArthur, on Friday last, at his residence on Bloor street. The funeral took place on Monday, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell officiating, assisted by Rev. R. Wallace. The pall-bearers were Hon. J. B. Robinson, Messrs. H. H. Cook,

John Kay, John Catto, A. M. Cosby, John McBain, Neil Gordon, Joseph F. Eby.

The second of the series of "National Evenings" will take place on Monday, November 24, at the Club House. J. George Burritt, C.M.G., D.C.L., Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, will read a paper upon Responsible Government in Canada.

An attractive booklet announces a series of readings from Shakespeare, Dickens and Tennyson and popular science lectures by Principal MacIntyre and Rev. John Stenhouse of the Presbyterian Ladies' College.

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It was erroneously stated last week that Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt had reached home. They sailed per Majestic on November 12, and will return to Toronto either this week or next.

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Boudoir Gossip.

Were you ever a little girl on a farm? It is far more fun than being a small boy under similar circumstances, for then you are not expected to carry water or go for the cows. A little maiden's ideas are prone to develop into queer actions and lead to bitter thoughts when she sees the animal life which she cherishes so ruthlessly sacrificed. Did you ever find a half-dozen of brand new kittens cuddled together in a hay-lined manger, with the proudest of purring cats presiding over the establishment? Did you fondle them tenderly and talk gaily of the good times you would have with seven cats, when they grew up? And did you—oh, did you—go back next day and find one poor mewling little kitten and a perplexed tibby cat? You wondered where the rest were, and the "hired man" said with a leer that he "guessed they'd gone to the happy huntin' grounds for drowned cats." Then you cried and thought it was mean to kill the dear little things, and you wouldn't go near the creek below the barn, in case you might chance to see a poor dragged little dead kitten.

Then there were fluffy yellow-black chicks that grew to know you and would peck crumbs from your hand, and fly across the yard to you when they grew big. One day you missed them. Feathers were scattered about the coop and there was chicken stew for tea.

The pigeons were such pretty things. You liked to watch them sail up above their homes and fly over the meadows and the grain fields and you never cared for pot-pie when rifle shots sounded about the barn.

Then there were lambs, frisky little heavy-tailed ones which you loved to watch when they were small. A mile of rough road was nothing for you to walk when sheep-washing time came. You felt sorry they were so frightened, but you liked to see them all white and clean. Sheep-shearing was somewhat dreadful, for they bleated as when they were caught, and looked so ashamed of themselves without their fleece, but when you heard a whispered "better kill a lamb," you stayed away from the barn for a day or two and played around the front door. Didn't you?

Jacob is here again. I fancy "he" had not yet seen my allusion to the Maiden in Brown's query regarding "him."

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW.—In the words of my brother whom I mentioned in my last letter, "I am sorry I said anything," when I learn that there is no adoring husband in your case. The picture of the "old maid's paradise" appears to my mental vision, ravishing. I imagine a maiden, sitting demurely at a round table, pouring the invigorating beverage—I'm a lover of good tea—Oolong, please—into pink cups and blue cups—I'll take a blue cup, one of the most antiquated—and I in fancy inhale the aroma, delicate and refreshing, permeating the atmosphere around that "little black teapot."

If I were to call with introductory letters and a friend, would you receive me kindly? While drinking tea we might talk about the McKinley Bill. I'm a Republican, staunch and true. Pray, my little maiden, what are you? You see, sometimes I fancy you are young. If you should happen to be Democratic we might become too argumentative. In that case tranquility would be fully restored by contemplating the etching of the pretty, playful, peaceful pussies.

I will send my photo. If you are pleased with my appearance, I will call some day and speak on behalf of American interests, Canadian annexation and your friend JACOB.

P. S.—I'm much older than my photograph. You shall have the tea, Jacob, in a blue cup—mine are all blue—and it is sure to be Oolong.

My very dear friend Comica left me on the doorstep of this office some six weeks ago with tears in my eyes and a distressing, unswallowable lump in my throat. This morning's mail brought me a foreign-stamped letter filled with uncomplimentary allusions to the ocean's method of moving. It is dated in the English Channel and opens quite characteristically with: "Ugh, what an experience I have had! That soul-distressing, body-racking abomination, seasickness, doomed me for nine long days, and in fact every day of the trip. I have felt sensations mal-de-merish and maddening. Preserve me from another twelve-day journey on the bounding billow! I shall return by the shortest route afloat, or if there is any possibility of a tunnel-passage—I'll wait for that. Hold on, thou rough and tempestuous ocean, hold! has been the cry of my heart all these weary days and sleepless nights."

Comica promised to tell me the truth about that ocean voyage, to bring me a bit of stone from a certain palace, and to write me letters of description galore. She has begun remarkably well.

Here are some fashion notes culled from authorities abroad:

The newest stockings have a triple thickness over the instep, and are particularly welcomed by those who wear laced boots or shoes, for the friction of the laces wears that portion thin and it is alas! very visible.

Some pretty novelties in ornaments are in the form of small grapes, green and brown, mounted in gold. The fruit is formed of sardonyx colored by fire and is a splendid imitation of the luscious grapes. They are made into bangles, brooches and ear rings, which some women will still wear. I wonder why?

A pretty way to mount photographic views or flowers gathered on summer vacations is in the form of a panel. The foundation should be of delicately-tinted card-board, gray, pink-hued or blue, and the views or flowers are fastened in little slits made in the paper. A long strip may extend from the moulding to the height of one's eye, and form a very pretty gazing-spot as well as a delightful reminder of days spent in care-free happiness, in camp, or more dignified journeys by land or sea.

Plain skirts with flounces or frills are in our midst—rebels to the cause of artistic prettiness and healthful lightness. They do not come above either. They bring an array of undesirable followers—draped skirts, frilled basques, gathered polonaises and other material—devouring modes and manners of dress fashioning.

A pretty winter substitute for muslin curtain is Bolton sheeting, a cotton material resem-

bling serge, but prettily toned and covered with fantastical designs in a lighter shade of the ground color. Covers for the bed are made of this with a frill which reaches to the floor, and it is also used for cushions, chair-coverings, mantle-shelf drapery and scarves of all kinds.

The other day I watched a pretty girl sit down in a drawing room. She bungled the action frightfully. Diving towards a chair, she stood exactly before it, and plumb down, spreading out her knees and tilting her feet until the only portions of her shoes touching the floor were the outside edges of the soles. There is just one way to seat oneself gracefully and here is the recipe: "When you are about to take a seat, you allow the right foot to step back, carrying with it the weight of the body. The left foot bears the weight for one instant, while the figure first bends in the act of moving toward the chair. Then insensibly the weight sways to the right foot, when as the seat is taken finally slides under the chair a trifle. The right knee in this attitude is sharply bent close to the chair. The left knee on the other hand remains about straight, the tip of the left foot protruding from underneath the skirt as it is slightly extended."

Try it and believe me you will practice the formula until it is comprehended and adopted as your second nature. CLIP CAREW.

Trinity Talk.

Owing to a recent illness Mr. Clive Pringle was unable to represent the Trinity undergraduates at the McGill dinner, which was held on Thursday last. Mr. Carter-Troop, who took Mr. Pringle's place, made a capital after-dinner speech, and speaks highly of the hospitable manner in which the McGill men treated, not only himself, but all the representatives of the different universities. He returned from Montreal this morning.

Rev. H. O. Tremayne visited his alma mater on Tuesday last.

The Trinity Glee Club took part in a concert given in St. James' schoolhouse, on Thursday evening, in aid of the library fund. The following glee were given: The Parting Kiss, Good-night and The Song of the Triton.

The freshmen At Home, cards for which were received by all the seniors, was held in the common-room on Tuesday evening immediately after Dr. Bourinot's lecture. Though the edibles were good and the drinkables good, though rather scarce, the affair was not attended with the "go" which characterizes such feasts. However, the freshmen's songs, though old, among which were such classic airs as Annie Rooney, I Can't Make it Out, Can You, were rather successfully sung. For the seniors Mr. Howden and Mr. Troop were both in the best of form and were loudly encored after their respective renderings of I Shall Have 'Em and Maggie May. Among the outside invited guests were Mr. George Powell, who very kindly acted as accompanist for the evening. Messrs. Darcy Martin, McMahon, Grayson Smith, Hamilton and a few others. At a late hour after the singing of Auld Lang Syne the supper broke up. CECUS.

Confession of a Glove Dealer.

"There, you see, is a table on which are some periodicals," said a glove dealer. "That is for gentlemen who come in here with ladies who want to buy gloves. Before I put that table in the gentlemen came to the counter with the lady and the lady ordered her gloves. The next day they came back with the information that they were too small. I soon found that women do not like to tell to their escorts the size of the glove they wear. So I put in this table and have the latest periodicals on hand. When the lady comes in with her escort I manage to get the escort over to this table, where he becomes interested. She makes her purchase and the gloves do not come back. A trick of the trade, and a small one, I grant you. The world doesn't know how much trickery there is in trade."—N. Y. Mercury.

The cutaway suit may almost be called the suit universal, for it is suitable to a greater variety of occasions and is more affected by all sorts and conditions of people than any other. Its convenience and comfort render it popular for business, its neatness adapts it for most social occasions, and it reaches from one end of the scale almost to the other. It is now the suit for formal dress by day. It should be worn at weddings, receptions, dinners and other formal occasions by daylight, and may be worn on any occasion but those in the evening. It may be summarized, the formal, afternoon suit and the informal evening suit, for ordinary social calls, for church, for the street, for all these occasions the cutaway suit is entirely proper, though it does not by any means exclude the Prince Albert or the dress suit as regards material. It must always be borne in mind that with this suit material is of much importance; that coarse materials and bone buttons are never in place in the evening, and that the cutaway when worn晚上 so to speak, must be dark and fine as to coat, while the trousers may be either dark, which is always good form, or lightish. Such are the materials and styles now being used and made by the fashionable west end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

PALMS



PALMS

The favorite plant for table and parlor decorations. Fine health palm trees are now in full bloom. Palms two feet high for \$2.50. Having imported a very large stock of Palms, we are able to sell them at a much cheaper rate than ever before offered in Toronto. Also

Choice Roses and all other seasonal flowers always on hand. Bridal Bouquets and Wedding Decorations a specialty. *Floral Tributes* of all kinds made on short notice.

S. TIDY & SON, 164 Yonge Street. Conservatories and Greenhouses—477 and 490 Ontario Street, Toronto.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH.
TEABERRY.
PRICE 25c
ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO.

"Happy Thought" Ranges



They are the only ranges in which the fire can be kept burning day and night without rekindling, and without prejudice to the working of the oven.

MADE IN 48 DIFFERENT STYLES

McDonald & Willson

187 Yonge Street

CALLING CARD

ETIQUETTE

Drop us a post card or leave your name and address with us and we will mail you FREE a copy of our small work (now in New York publisher's hands) on "Calling Card Etiquette."

It also contains specimens of our copper plate engraving and samples of a few of the lines of fine papers carried by us in our Stationery Department. Ready in less than two weeks.

RYRIE BROS.

JEWELERS

Cor. Yonge and Adelaide Sts.

LADIES SHOULD SEE

Our \$4 Shoe, Opera and Common Sense, in all widths. American Shoes for ladies and children.

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47 Yonge Street

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE

For Manufacturing New Designs in Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches

77 Yonge St, 2 Doors North of King

MISS SULLIVAN

Late of W. A. Murray & Co.

Artistic Dressmaking

76 COLLEGE STREET

Ball Dresses

Party Dresses

JUST DELIVERED

Plain and Figured Bengaline Silks, Spot Netts, Spot Gauze, Surah, Fallie and other Pretty Silks, Nuns' Veilings, Cashmire and Henriettes. SPECIAL LINE Handsome Bengaline Figured Silk only \$2.50, worth \$1.25.

Artison & Stone

212 YONGE STREET

Housewives!

Catch Your Eye!

And tell you that we have in stock fresh importations of the very choicest

Raisins and Currants

The former in clusters and in "flais."

The G. W. SHAVER CO., Ltd.

244 Yonge Street | Telephone No. 1860

THE RIGHT PLACE TO BUY

DIAMONDS

180 Yonge Street

Davis Bros. One Price Jewelry Store

Every stone sold by them has a CASH SURRENDER VALUE any time within a year. It is simply impossible for any house to sell cheaper than we do.

DAVIS BROS.

Leaders of Low Prices in Watches, Diamonds and Fine Jewelry

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE FURS

Seal Skin Garments

A SPECIALTY

FUR LINED CIRCULARS

And all the Latest Novelties in

Seal, Beaver, Persian and Astrakan Fur Capes and Muffs of all kinds. Fancy Fur Rugs

Sole agents for Edward Miller's New York Hats—styles correct, Batterby's & Woodson's London Hats. We take the lead. Send for our new Illustrated Catalogue, just issued.

JAMES HARRIS & CO.

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MOONSTONE CUT GLASS

ENTIRELY NEW THIS FALL

This name has been given, most appropriately, to a new finish in Rich Cut Glass, which adds to its usual brilliancy a warmth and softness of tone that will be found very attractive, especially to those who sometimes tire of the cold glitter of the cut glass in ordinary use. A choice selection of the above in

Rose Bowls, Olive Trays, Fruit Bowls, Bon Bon Dishes, Celery Trays, &c.,

ESPECIALLY DESIRABLE FOR

WEDDING AND CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Some of the latest designs in Afternoon Tea Sets and After Dinner Coffee and Chocolate Sets

WILLIAM JUNIOR

Telephone 2177

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CURLINE

DORENWEND'S

new preparation for Curling, Crimping and Frizzing the hair retains its effects for days, and is proof against wet or windy weather. It will prove itself invaluable to every lady.

Guaranteed Free of All Harmful Properties

Price 50 Cents

All druggists will shortly have it for sale; meanwhile only to be had from

A. DORENWEND

THE MANUFACTURER

Paris Hair Works

103 and 105 Yonge Street

Ladies' Fashionable Hair-Dressing

Ladies are requested to use Telegraph No. 240 for appointment to Hair Dressing, Trimming, Singing or Shampooing at store or at lady's own residence. After shampooing the hair is dried thoroughly by machine.

Fashionable Hair Ornaments—Real Amber and Tortoise-shell. Buttons, Steel Comb, Pins and Coronets. Ladies' toilet preparation for Balls, Soirees, etc., of the celebrated *Madame Ladocat Dargaud de Paris*.

Medene—For suppurating sores, like magic, without the slightest pain or trouble. Price

15c. *Tranee Armand*, Coiffeur-Perfumer, 407 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Telephone No. 2498.

Fred Armstrong 277 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont. Telephone No. 2498.

A large stock of gas fixtures on hand.

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Show in Mantles the following:

Reefer Serge Jackets at \$6.00.

Reefer Beaver Jackets at \$6.00 and \$6.50.

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

TRUE AND TRIED.

There was intense excitement in Barge when it was known that Captain Tom Cavendish, late of her Majesty's Life Guards, was about to give up his wandering life and settle down at home. His old mother shed tears of joy when she read the news, for this one darling son of hers had always been as the very apple of her eye—a boy and man, she thought there had never been such another. He was extravagant—people called him "wild"—and he had left the Army over head and ears in debt; but she could see no fault in him. Was he not handsome, clever, kinder than any one else? And now, after three years' absence, he was coming home. The old house must be opened once more. Tom must marry an heiress, pay his debts, and perhaps stand for the county next year.

He was on his way home—he would be there almost as soon as his letter, the Captain wrote; and he hoped there was some shooting to be had. So, in a few weeks' time, the great gates were thrown open at Barge; invitations were sent out for a grand dinner, and the house was to be lit for Christmas.

Cavendish's return caused a sensation. Foolish little country girls raved about his blue eyes, and thought his slightly cynical manner quite delightful. The young ex-Guardsman took all the compliments that were showered upon him as a matter of course. From his boyhood he had always been petted and spoiled; he could not remember ever having been denied anything; so he had grown up to think that the world was made for him, and his first thought was always for his own comfort and convenience. He was very fond of his mother, however, and a good son in his way. It was pleasant to see them together—he so careful of her; she, cold and proud to most people, so loving and tender to him. While he was away she had practised the most rigid economy, making herself a by-word amongst her tenans that she might pay some of his debt. Now her darling had come home; and, as if to further her scheme, D. S. D. (D. S. D. London) nice, charming, lovely Coley Clayton, was staying at the Deany. Tom must be hard indeed to please if he did not admire her—that the girl might not admire him never entered the proud man's head—and Coley's bright sweet face and her large fortune would brighten up the dull old house and bring back the good luck that had so long since departed. Tom fell in with the arrangement most dutifully when he saw Miss Clayton for the first time at a "cliff dinner party."

"Who is she, Tom?" he asked eagerly—"the girl in white silk and gold?"

Coley was standing by the fire fair and slim, her golden hair shining against the background of a dark old screen. Among the country squires' wives and daughters she stood out distinctly with her pretty self-possession, ease, and grace. Captain Cavendish thought her one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. He had to take his portly hostess down to dinner; but Coley sat at his other hand, and he found time and opportunity to talk a good deal of her. He had never imagined that a girl with thirty thousand pounds and a prospect of more, could be so charming.

"You do not live here, Miss Clayton?" he inquired.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "I am staying with my uncle. It is my first visit to Ireland."

"And do you like old Ireland well enough to pay it a long visit?" queried Tom, with a smile.

"I am to stay until next spring—then I must go home. I am to come out, you know."

"Are you? No, I did not know. Of course you are looking forward anxiously to the event! All young ladies do."

"I think I am rather frightened."

"You have a great deal before you—all the pomp and vanities of this wicked world. You are taking them up just as I have abjured them."

"Have you?" Coley's brown eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Next year, when you are taking your pleasure at garden parties and flower shows, I shall be trudging about my farms trying to get up an interest in crops and fat cattle. I feel lame at present; but I dare say I shall improve."

"And you have been away three years?"

"Yes—wandering up and down the earth."

"Do you see very many changes?"

"I do not think there are many changes in Barge. It has always looked the same since I was a boy. I almost think I recognize Mrs. O'Grady's cap as an old friend."

Coley laughed. Tom Cavendish was particular about a woman's laugh; but he thought Coley's the most musical he had ever heard.

Mrs. Cavendish was well pleased with the look on her son's face; and later in the evening she called Coley to her side, and spoke almost confidentially to the girl, praising her music and inviting her to come to the Hall.

Coley blushed under the scrutiny of the keen gray eyes; she was a little afraid of the stern old lady.

"I must beg your aunt to spare you to me for a little while, my dear. We shall try to make it pleasant for you. Are you fond of dancing? Yes? That's right. Tom—turning to her son—"we must manage a dance. I have been trying to persuade Miss Clayton to pay us a visit."

Coley had thought the dinner party would be so stupid that she did not want to go; and yet, as she went to bed that night, it seemed to the girl that she had never been so happy before. She put her lilies-of-the-valley in water very carefully, for some one had said that he would keep one of them for ever; and then, having dismissed her maid, she sat long over the fire, her bright hair hanging loosely about her shoulders, thinking over the incidents of the evening. When should she see him again? she wondered. How different he was from Louis D. S. D. Poor Louis—how cross he had been! And aunt Despard too had looked vexed—if any one could care for a boy like that! When Coley fell asleep that night, she dreamt of Captain Cavendish's low voice and blue eyes.

Carey, or Coley Clayton, as every one called her, was an only child. Her mother, who had been D. S. D. Despard's favorite sister, was dead. Her father, a rich city merchant, was too absorbed in his business affairs to have much time to spare for his daughter. He was proud of her beauty; she had had the best governesses and masters that money could procure; he gave her a splendid allowance for a girl of her age, and asked no questions as to what she did with it.

Many people envied the rich Miss Clayton; but Coley was not quite happy. She was barely eighteen, and being nosy, in the grand London house oppressed her. She was to elope, too, for she had no girl friends of her own age, no absorbing interests to occupy her thoughts. Her heart ached at the many tales of misery and want she heard, and she would have liked to go out herself into the wretched courts and alleys to talk to the poor women and make friends with the ragged, poverty-stricken children; but this idea her father vetoed.

Such work was not for his daughter, he said. There were proper persons to do it—clergy, district visitors, and others, who understood the people. It was not a lady's business.

He did not object to her giving money to charities; he liked to see his name in print as a contributor to this or that society; but Coley was not content with her idle fine lady's life.

It had been a thorough change for her to come over to Ireland on a visit to her uncle.

The Despards, though holding a good position in the country, were by no means well off. They had a large family and many claims upon their charity. Coley found plenly to do with her pocket-money, and the Deany children soon grew to look upon their rich cousin as a sort of fairy godmother. The eldest son, Louis,

just home for his holidays, worshipped at her shrine at once; and Mrs. Despard built many a castle in the air in which the cousins figured prominently.

Coley was very happy. She went about the parish with her uncle—into and out of the cottages, and down to the schools, where the little children would do anything for the pretty lady who smiled so sweetly and looked at them so kindly. It was a very quiet, uneventful sort of life for the London-bred girl until the memorable dinner party when she first met Tom Cavendish; after that, the world was never the same again. People said that winter that the Dean's niece grew prettier every day. There was a new light in her eyes, a sweeter curve about her lips. Coley thought she had found everything worth living for at last—something that had changed the common world into a paradise. Captain Cavendish made no secret of his admiration; and, before a month had passed, all the county looked upon their en- gaged pair with admiration.

"Cavendish has done very well for himself," I grumbled jealous young country squires. "I don't know what she can see in a good-for-nothing fellow like that! But girls will do anything for a handsome face."

"I would not be too sure of anything yet, Cavendish is an awful flirt!" said others.

"Bah! He knows on which side his bread is buttered; if not, his mother is wise enough to tell him," said the village attorney. "She's the sharpest woman of business I ever came across."

Poor Louis Deany, seeing that his chance was hopeless, went off on a lonely walking tour. He was wildly in love with his pretty cousin, who, he died tragically, had blighted his life and broken his heart.

It was hard to see so much money go out of the family, and Mrs. Despard made herself rather unpleasant; so that Coley was glad to go over to Barge for a week, where she brightened up the whole house with her fair face and pretty girlish ways. The servants, looking upon her as their future mistress, fell in love with her at once. Old Mrs. Cavendish yielded to her influence, and displayed a warmth of feeling towards the girl which astonished everybody.

"I never saw my mother take to any one as she has taken to you," said Tom, as he and Coley sat together in the cozy library.

"She is very good to me," the girl replied.

"Who do you think could help being good to you?" Tom rejoined, as he watched the fire, brightening up the girl's bright head and flushed downcast face.

"Ah, you agree with me—how delightful! Now I have found some one who will talk to me about my dear France; and you must tell me what all these people are. Who is that tall fair girl in the white silk with holly-berries? She looks different from the others; but red does not suit her."

"That is Miss Clayton," answered Tom shortly; but he did not add that he was engaged to her.

"Miss Clayton! Ah, the Dean's niece—is it not so? She is what you call an heiress; and she is pretty too; but she wants—she wants something—I don't exactly know what. But yes—she is pretty, and her dress is lovely!"

Captain Cavendish was more annoyed by this criticism than he would have liked to own.

"It is very good of you to admire her," he said coldly. "I thought ladies could never see anything admirable in each other."

"That is a mistake you men make," declared Daphne Vigors archly. Then, continuing her criticism, she went on. "And she is good too; I feel that she is good. She is not like poor me—always wanting balls and parties. Captain Cavendish, can you tell me why all men in the country dance so badly?"

"I hope you will make an exception in my favor," said Tom, laughing now and looking down into the girl's dark eyes.

"But you are not of the country," she rejoined, with a little nod. "And now, if you will take me to my mother, I will introduce you."

In spite of Miss Vigors' "bad style," Captain Cavendish danced several times with her that evening; and the French girl's dark eyes grew brighter with excitement, and a flush rose in her smooth pale cheeks, making her look more brilliant than ever.

It seemed to Coley in after years that the first dark clouds cast their shadows upon her life on that Christmas morning, when the church bells were ringing out their glad tidings and the people were wishing each other "A Merry Christmas." She was glad when it was all over; balls were a mistake, she was beginning to think.

Yes, I am a little tired," she said, wearily, in answer to Sir Burton's good-natured inquiry. "but it has been such a nice ball; I shall often think of it."

"And so will a great many others; I am sure, my dear," replied the old man, with his old-fashioned gallantry.

"I hope you will call upon those new people soon, mother."

"Those French people, do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Cavendish, in a doubtful tone.

You have no particular prejudice against French people, I suppose?" rejoined her son impatiently.

"But who are they, Tom? No one seems to know where they come from."

"My dear mother, they have money—that's the great thing. Harry Croker was telling me they have spent a fortune on Stoneville; you wouldn't know the place, he says; and the mother seems a pleasant sort of person. I dare say you'll find them a valuable addition to the neighborhood."

Mrs. Cavendish did not feel attracted towards her new neighbors; but, if Tom wished her to call, of course it must be done. Accordingly, one day during the next week, Mrs. Cavendish, a little colder and more dignified than usual, set about paying her visit, her dutiful son accompanying her.

The old lady scarcely recognized Stoneville as she followed the man-servant through the dim luxurious hall with its heating stoves and Persian rugs, its wonderful couches and quaint old screens, into the daintiest of flowered rooms. The heavy curtains drawn half across to shut out the gloomy winter landscape, the blazing wood-fire on the hearth, the dark red dodo, the carved brackets and mirrors, and the thousand and one pretty absurdities of a fashionable lady's drawing-room, formed a most charming picture, in the midst of which sat Daphne Vigors in the most becoming of afternoon tea-gowns.

"What a cheerful afternoon!" she exclaimed, rising to greet them. "How good of you, Mrs. Cavendish, to venture out! This is the most comfortable chair—pushing a most inviting one towards the fire.

Mrs. Cavendish, nestling down among the soft cushions, felt her dignity relax. After all, the young lady could not help being French, and certainly she had a most agreeable manner.

Mrs. Cavendish chattered on, perfectly at her ease, holding a great screen of peacock feathers between her dainty cream-colored cheeks and the fire, apparently quite unconscious of the admiring look in Captain Cavendish's eyes; and when Mrs. Vigors appeared, the two elder ladies found a great deal to say to each other about cooks and gardeners and the difficulties of housekeeping in the country, and the young people were left to amuse one another.

Daphne poured out into the daintily red-and-gold tea cups in her pretty, childlike fashion. She had a way of saying "you and I" as if they were the only civilized people in the neighborhood, which Tom found at first amusing and then charming. He was a man who could never be quite indifferent to a pretty woman; and when the dusk gathered in and Mrs. Cavendish rose to go, her son felt that the visit had been a very pleasant one.

"But you will come again, sometimes?" asked Daphne. "It is so dull here, unless one is busy! You country gentlemen are always occupied with new ploughs and threshing-machines, and all such useful things."

Tom laughed, and declared that "such useful things" were not in his line, and that he would certainly come.

"Who is she, Tom? Do you know?" asked Coley eagerly.

As usual, Captain Cavendish knew every one. His large blue eyes had lighted up at sight of the new beauty; but, when Coley spoke, he turned away again carelessly.

"Never saw her before. The Stoneville people, I suppose. Bad style, I call her. We are losing our wits, Coley—unless you are tired—and they joined in the dance again."

It was soon evident that a change had come over the spirit of the ball-room, and that Coley Clayton was no longer undivided belle. Sir Burton stuck manfully to his colors, and the women too; but the young men were dazzled

by the brilliant French girl—by her dark eyes, sparkling conversation, and above all, her novelty; there were some even among the more daring spirits who called Miss Clayton's fair sweet beauty insipid in comparison.

"She is always the same, you know," declared one young fellow; "and she has no eyes for any one but Cavendish. I wonder if Miss Vigors hunts? What a difference they will make in the country! Who they are and where they come from no one seems to know; but they must have plenty of money; and every one has called on them."

"I think her lovely, Tom—don't you?" said Coley, later on.

"Who—Miss Vigors? You all seem wild about her. She is well enough; but she wriggles about too much, I think."

Captain Cavendish was not in a very good humor. He had meant his betrothel to carry off all the honors of the evening, and here was Coley had not come so early; the other girl evidently knew what she was about. How well she walked! How those idiots crowded about her! After all, there was something stupid in a public engagement; a fellow was expected to behave as though he were married; he was quite out of the running to-night.

What eyes this French girl had!

The Captain sat in the deep window-seat by his lady-love, and watched Daphne Vigors' pretty air and graces with contemptuous admiration. It was his proud boast that no woman could ever deceive him. He saw, or thought he saw, through all their motives; and perhaps the greatest attraction Coley Clayton had had for him was her perfect innocence. With her he was always at his best; she believed in him so thoroughly that she forced him to deserve her good opinion.

Later on, when Tom Cavendish was dancing with Daphne Vigors, listening to her pretty sparkling remarks on the other guests, her tour. He was his proud boast that no woman could ever deceive him. He saw, or thought he saw, through all their motives; and perhaps the greatest attraction Coley Clayton had had for him was her perfect innocence. With her he was always at his best; she believed in him so thoroughly that she forced him to deserve her good opinion.

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All's Well That Ends Well.

The house presented a gloomy aspect. The window curtains were drawn to shut out the sunlight, and the servants tiptoed noiselessly through the darkened halls, for in one of the upper chambers its master lay dying. A physician and nurse stood by his bedside.

Presently the sick man opened his eyes and asked in a weak voice:

"Where is my daughter?"

"Here, papa," said Florence Harrington issued from the dark corner of the room where she had been sitting.

"I want to speak with you alone, dear. Send the others away," he said.

The other occupants of the room withdrew, and as the door closed behind them he took his daughter's hand.

"Florence," he said, "the physicians tell me that I have not long to live, and when I die you will be alone in the world. It has been my cherished wish that you and Alan Morton should one day marry, and I want you to marry now, as I cannot leave you without a protector."

"Oh, papa, how can I give you up?" sobbed the girl.

"We must submit to the will of Heaven, my child. But tell me, are you willing to marry Alan?"

"Oh, I cannot marry a man for whom I care nothing, and who does not love me!"

"Is there another attachment?" he asked.

"No, I love no one but you, papa."

He smiled faintly.

"Alan is a good man, and you will learn to love him in time."

"Does he know of your plans?"

"Yes, he had a conference with him a few days ago and he is willing to accede to my wishes. Now I feel that the end is drawing near, and I want some one to send for him and a clergyman directly."

Messengers were despatched for both, but Alan was the first to arrive.

Mr. Harrington looked up with a smile as he entered the room.

"Alan, my boy, I have not long to live; will you and Florence be married now?" he asked.

"I am quite ready," he responded promptly.

Florence was kneeling by her father's side, but as Alan spoke she lifted her head and gazed at him scornfully.

"Mr. Morton, I do not love you at any time, but at the present moment I almost hate you!"

A flush crept into his dark cheek.

"Do you not see that your unkind words distress your father?" he said gently, trying to take her hand.

She snatched it hastily away and rose to her feet.

At that moment the clergyman arrived, and a short time after the pair stood by the bedside man and wife.

A day later Mr. Harrington died.

Two years passed. Florence still held to the idea that her husband had married her out of pity, and although she had learned to care for him, concealed the feeling behind a mask of seeming indifference.

One evening they sat in their cozy library, Florence at the piano, idly turning the leaves of a music book, while Alan reclined in an arm chair. Graham Hartley was announced, and as he entered Florence rose to greet him.

"Have I interrupted your music?" he asked, taking the hand she extended.

"Oh, no! I grew tired of playing, and Alan is already bored to death."

Alan's response was an indignant denial.

Mr. Hartley laughed as he threw himself into a chair. Florence seated herself near the table and took up some dainty work.

"I must keep employ'd," she said laughing, thus showing the dimples in either cheek.

"You know 'Satan' finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

"It is not our hands alone that get us into mischief," said Hartley. "Our tongues are quite as liable to offend."

"I agree with you," put in Alan; "but it is the over employment of that member which gets us into trouble; therefore take warning, Graham."

Mr. Hartley laughed.

"Have a cigar?" asked Alan, pushing the case towards him. Graham declined, then turned to Florence.

"Why, Mrs. Morton, do you allow Alan to smoke here?"

"Oh, yes, Alan does as he feels inclined. I do not object to the odor of cigar smoke, so you are at liberty to indulge in your favorite amusement; I believe you are an inveterate smoker."

"Some one has malign'd me," he said, glancing at Alan. "I will prove that I can pass one evening without indulging in my favorite amusement."

After a few moments' general conversation he asked:

"Are you going to Mrs. Warner's reception on Thursday night?"

"No," replied Florence, with a pout. "Isn't it too bad? I had counted on it, and have such a bewilderment gown for the occasion. But Alan has discovered at the last moment that business requires him to leave town, and therefore I must stay at home."

"Wretched!" exclaimed Mr. Hartley. "Could you not accept me as an escort? It would be too bad to miss such a grand affair as that promises to be."

Alan glanced quickly at his wife, but her eyes were fixed on her work. There was a slight pause; probably she was waiting for him to speak. As he remained silent, she replied, carelessly:

"I will accept you as a cavalier, if you do not mind."

"It will give me the greatest pleasure," Graham Hartley, answered eagerly, rather too eagerly, perhaps.

Nothing more was said on the subject. But after Hartley took his departure, Alan turned to Florence and said angrily:

"You had no right to accept Hartley as your escort. Remember you are my wife."

"One seldom forgets disagreeable things, no matter how much one may wish to do so," she said, shrugging her shoulders. "Your silence seemed to sanction the arrangement."

"I did not exercise any authority in the matter knowing you would go exactly contrary to my wishes."

"Yes, I should have done so."

"Florence, will you not do this one thing to please me? Do not allow Hartley to accompany you. If you really care so much for the entertainment, I will take you myself."

"What if I prefer Mr. Hartley's society?" she asked, tantalizingly.

Alan's face grew pale, and he fixed his eyes plaintively on her face.

"Do you?"

"Why shouldn't I?" she replied; but she did not meet his gaze.

Without another word he turned and left the room. Florence sat down suddenly, trembling in every limb.

"Oh, why did I say such a dreadful thing? But I will not be dictated to," she said with a flash of temper. "And he is so exasperating! He does not care in the least for me, while I—pshaw! I am giving way to weakness; I will take a drive to banish melancholy." And she went swiftly out of the room.

Mrs. Warner's reception was a brilliant affair, but Florence was glad when the time came for her to leave. She had accepted Hartley's escort in a moment of pique, and now greatly regretted doing so.

"I wish we could go on this way forever," Hartley said, leaning back contentedly in the carriage as they drove homeward.

"Are you so fond of driving?" Mrs. Morton asked, purposefully misunderstanding his meaning. "I think it would be rather monotonous."

"It is bliss to be with you," he replied sentimentally.

"What nonsense!" she retorted, while a faint gathered on her forehead.

"If you only knew how much I love you—"

She turned a pair of blazing eyes upon him.

"I do not care to know, and I demand an

apology for your words. You forget yourself—you who profess to be Alan's friend."

"I never pretended to be Alan's friend. I am his wife."

"Well, I do not wish you even for an acquaintance."

"You are candid. But one cannot withdraw one's friendship on such short notice. Why did you allow me to take you to-night, if I may ask the question?"

"I did it to tease Alan."

"To arouse his jealousy, perhaps. I trust it had the desired effect," rather sarcastically.

"I did not know you were so fond of him as to care to try the experiment."

"I ought to treat such a remark as that with silent contempt, but as I wish to correct a false impression, I will tell you that I love my husband much as I despise him."

And at that moment she did despise him.

"To the carriage drew up before the house; she sprang out without waiting for Mr. Hartley's assistance, and with a hasty "good-night," hurried into the house.

One morning, a week later, Mrs. Darrel tripped into Mrs. Morton's parlor. Florence had made Mrs. Darrel's acquaintance soon after her marriage. Alan never quite approved of her as an associate for his wife, but the latter had a fancy to her bright ways, so there existed a sort of friendship between them.

"I ran in to see if you will go with us to Earle's, this afternoon, to see the pictures," she said, when Florence came to receive her.

"Oh, I think not," she replied. "I promised myself to remain at home to-day. You and Mr. Darrel must get along without me."

Mrs. Darrel elevated her eyebrows, then burst into a musical laugh.

"Who said anything about Mr. Darrel, pray?"

"Is he not going?"

"Certainly not," still laughing. "I meant Mr. Hartley and myself. Oh, it is too stupid going out with one's husband. Do you not know it so?"

"I do not think married woman has a right to accept attention from any man but her husband," Florence replied.

"Oh, you have such old-fashioned notions of propriety! By the way, was not Graham Hartley with you at Mrs. Warner's the other night?" rather quizzically.

Mrs. Morton's face flamed scarlet for an instant, then suddenly paled. If she could but blot that event from her memory!

"Yes," she answered.

"And was Mr. Morton becomingly jealous under the circumstances?"

"I do not think jealousy becoming to any one," wishing to avoid making a direct answer.

"Oh, then, he is troubled with the green-eyed monster? Well, I pity you."

Half an hour after she rose to go.

"I'm sorry you will not join us this afternoon. I'm sure you would have enjoyed it, but you know best. Good by."

While riding down the street in her pony phaeton, the mischievous little woman espied Alan walking.

"I'll just tease him a bit," she thought, as he bowed to her.

She drew her horses up to the sidewalk and beckoned to him. He came and stood by the carriage hat in hand.

"Good morning," she said. "Is not this a beautiful day?"

He assented, meanwhile wondering if she had called him only to make that original remark.

"Oh, have you seen any of the new paintings at Earle's?" she asked, toying with the whip.

"Was it to tell me this that you stopped me?" he asked rather coldly.

"Partly," she answered smiling.

"I fully appreciate your kindness, believe me."

Then Mrs. Darrel laughed outright.

"Oh, you jealous mortal!" she cried. "I only said all this to tease you, but I will torture you no longer. Mrs. Morton is not going—she refused outright. Are you happy once more?"

Alan's face did brighten perceptibly, despite his efforts to control his countenance.

"Good by," she continued. "I know you will forgive me this bit of p'ecasantry."

She touched her horses lightly with a whip, and drove off laughing, so pleased was she with her "little joke," as she called it.

"Why, he looked like a thunder cloud!" she said to herself.

"Odious woman!" muttered Alan, as she drove away. "I will go and take Florence to Earle's this very day."

It was some hours later that he wended his way home. He left himself in with his latchkey and mounted the stairs to his wife's little sitting room. The door was slightly ajar, and he saw her reclining in a chair, an open book softly and stood by her chair, gazing at her. There was as if unable to resist the impulse, he bent and kissed her. She gave a start and opened her eyes. Seeing him standing there, she rose quickly.

"Was I asleep? When did you come in?" she asked in some confusion.

"I came in a few minutes ago. How would you like to go to the art exhibition?"

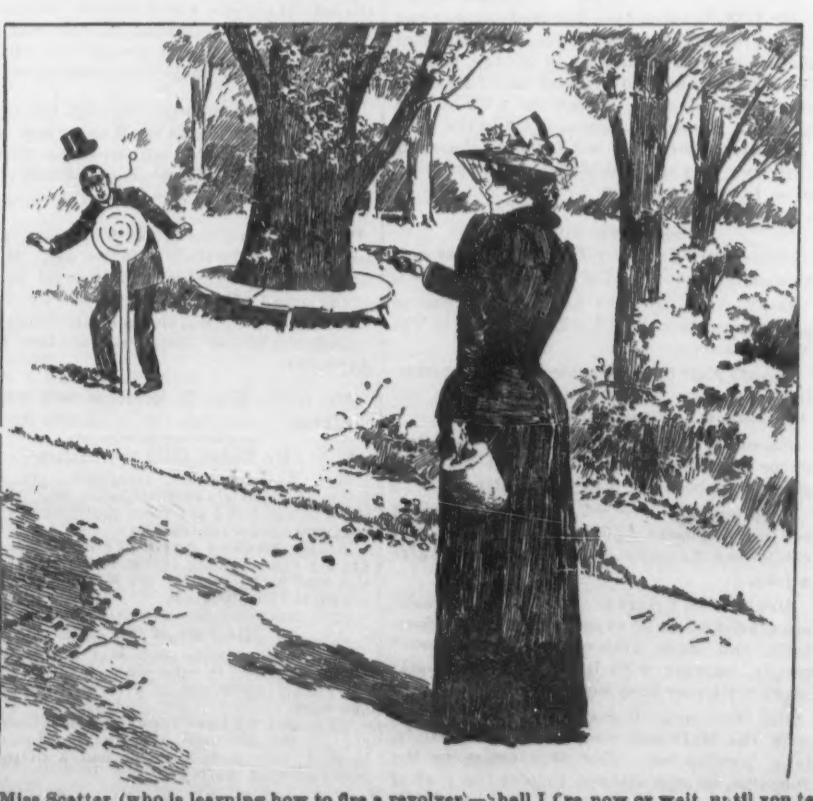
"Very much," stooping to pick up the book which had fallen to the floor.

He watched her as she moved gracefully about, and a deep sigh escaped him. She looked at him in surprise, and their eyes met.

"Oh, Florence," he cried, "how happy we might be if you loved me one tithe as much as I love you!"

She turned to him with shining eyes.

Alarming for Mr. Briggs.



Miss Scatter (who is learning how to fire a revolver)—"hall I fire now or wait until you tell me?"—*Munsey's Weekly*.

"Alan, is it true? Do you really love me?" His face was radiant as he clasped her in his arms.

"I always have loved you, my darling. Do you care for me a little in return?"

"Oh, no, not a little, but very, very much!" earnestly.

"My own wife!" clasping her more closely, "when did you make that discovery?"

"So long ago that I do not remember," she said, smiling.

"And yet you never betrayed, even by a sign, that you loved me," he said, reproachfully.

"Why, of course not. I thought you only married me out of compassion, and—"

"I stopped further utterance with a kiss."

"I loved you even then."

"Poor Alan!" she said tenderly, as she put up her hand and drew his face down to hers. Then, extricating herself from his arms, she said laughingly. "It is quite time to dress, if we are going out, so I will make haste!" and she ran away from the room.

Mr. Hartley and Mrs. Darrel, promenading through the picture gallery, espied Mr. and Mrs. Morton. Mrs. Darrel was the first to see them and pointed them out to her escort. Later on they met face to face. The greeting was friendly as Florence was too happy to bear malice toward any one, and Hartley noticed that whatever estrangement had existed between Mr. and Mrs. Morton now existed no longer. They chatted together for a while, then separated.

"Florence," said Alan, as the other couple strolled away, "do you know that until to-day I have been horribly jealous!"

"Jealous!" she echoed.

"Yes, I thought you cared for Graham Hartley."

"What put such an idea into your head?"

"You told me you preferred his society to mine."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

M. MUND R. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year \$2.00

Six Months 1.00

Three Months 50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LAWRENCE), Proprietors

OL III] TORONTO, NOV. 22, 1890. [No. 52

The Christmas Saturday Night.

Inside of two weeks it is expected that this beautiful holiday paper will be in the market. Everything is being pushed forward as speedily as is compatible with excellence. The labor and care of producing an artistic production of this sort can only be understood by those who have tried it. The combined effort of writers, artists, engravers, printers is not readily got together in a satisfactory manner, and those who will turn over the beautiful pages of our Christmas annual cannot well estimate the labor and expense which has been expended in its production. This number will differ from our former issues in being larger, more profusely and better illustrated, and containing a selection of literature that has never been surpassed by any holiday publication in Canada. Special attention has been given to the children, and the little folks will find in this paper a mine of delight. It has been aimed to make it the number of the season and we look forward confidently to the result.

Music.

The nineteenth annual concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society was very well attended, and was received with due enthusiasm. Rarely has there been a prettier sight than was offered by the decorations on the stage and in the Pavilion generally. Beautiful as was the effect, it had a rather dispiriting influence on the programme, as its artistic loveliness was not equalled by its acoustic excellence. The voices of the singers lost some of their natural resonance as a result. The programmes was a very good one, containing enough Irish music to maintain the national character of the entertainment, and reflected great credit on Mr. H. M. Blight, who had charge of it. Mrs. Caldwell sang well, as she always does, and gave very effective renderings of There's a Dear Spot in Ireland, and of The Gap in the Hedge. These songs were not of the bravura style in which this lady excels, but were sung with feeling and a delicate sentiment. In her first encore song Mrs. Caldwell was in her natural element, and the Carnival of Venice was her best effort that evening. She also gave a dainty rendering of Blackberries and Kisses.

Miss Alexander showed herself at her best, and evinced very marked improvement over her work of last year, on this the first occasion I was able to hear her this season. Always good in her humorous work, she is now developing strength and magnetism in more serious lines. Her reading of The Bridge of Tay was very strong and dramatic. The Mendelssohn Quartette of Detroit made a very good impression, and sang in a manner that evinced careful training. Their shading and rubato effects were excellently done. Yet they do not yet reach my ideal of a male quartette. Their voices hardly blend in quality, the second tenor falling in mezzo voce, and the first tenor being too broad in tone for forte effects. I have often noticed in American male quartettes that there is a strong tendency to over-polish; the brilliancy is rubbed out of the voices, as it were, and no fine, resonant forces are reached. So it was with the Mendelssohn on this occasion. Beautiful as a well-balanced, soft tone is, the strong, full tone has its uses as well, and should not be utterly neglected. Still, I think that these gentlemen compare favorably with the best that have been here, and I hope they may visit us again. They have an excellent repertoire and sing all their music from memory.

The first tenor, Mr. Charles V. Stevens, is a finished and very artistic singer in his solo work, and gave a rendering of My Snowy Breasted Pearl that was elegant in sentiment. Mr. E. C. Crane, the baritone, has an exceedingly fine voice, and is a very promising young singer. The basso, Mr. Puddifoot, is a fairly acceptable soloist, but does excellent work in the quartette. Mr. H. M. Blight sang excellently, giving a thoughtful rendering of The Minstrel Boy, with a good rollicking performance of The Longshoreman as an encore. The accompaniments were in excellent hands, Mrs. Blight playing at her best.

On Monday and Tuesday next the fine orchestra of Carl Zerrahn of Boston will give us three grand concerts at the Pavilion, in conjunction with the chorus of the Philharmonic Society under Mr. F. H. Torrington. The splendid list of orchestral pieces has already been noticed here and is full of novelties that should interest all music lovers. The soloists are all artists of the highest standing and comprise: Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano; Mrs. Ida Bond Younge, soprano; Miss Annie Beere, contralto; Mr. W. Denison, tenor; Dr. Carl E. Martin, basso. A matinee popular price, 25, 50 and 75 cents, will prevail, while the same artists will take part.

On the same evening the choir of the Church of the Holy Trinity, with Mr. A. R. Blackburn as conductor, gave a very successful concert. The first part of the entertainment consisted of Franz Abt's cantata, Richard Coeur de Lion,

the choruses of which were well rendered and showed evidence of much careful training. The solo parts were well sustained by Messrs. E. G. Pearce, C. E. Rudge, A. L. James, and A. L. E. Davies, Messrs. Rudge and Davies receiving a hearty double encore. The second part of the concert consisted of miscellaneous selections, sung in costume. The trio, We Are Warriors Three, by Messrs. Davies, Emery and Fahay, was particularly well received, as was also the solo and chorus, Jammo, by Master J. Long and chorus of boys, who looked charmingly pretty in their tastefully designed costumes. Altogether the concert well sustained the reputation earned by the choir under the able direction of Mr. Blackburn.

I append a wall from one of those long-suffering choristers who feels his Pegasus-like flight hampered by the groaning and grunting of the groundlings near him when he sings at chorus rehearsals. No doubt his plaint is well founded and justified, for there can hardly be anything more tiresome to the practised chorister than to find himself supported (?) by a couple of humble vocal imitators who "like to stand near you, old fellow, because we catch the notes then!" Yet the remedy, or rather the relief, suggested by my correspondent, pleasant and artistic as it would be, will, I am afraid, be found impossible at the present juncture.

The disabilities complained of have already driven a number of seasoned choristers into the two vocal societies, and a more or less stringent mode of selection has been exercised in the two oratorio societies. No doubt it would be a fine thing to have an oratorio chorus of hundred or more trained voices, possessing both the singing and reading gift, but I have a notion that the existing organizations will have a large-sized financial problem before them in the present season close, and any new organization on old lines, so to speak, would find that life is not all beer and skittles, in fact could not live and meet its obligations. Yet the ground taken by "Second Bass" will not be without its lesson to conductors and committees, and his letter now follows:

DEAR METRONOME.—I venture to bring to your attention an idea on which I have bestowed considerable attention. As a member of some experience in a leading church choir and also in the Philharmonic Society I have noticed in common with others that our choral organizations are composed of a very mixed multitude.

In spite of various attempts at careful selection of recruits many of the singers are such in name only, having poor voices and no knowledge whatever of music.

The immediate result of this is that such people require an awful amount of rehearsing to enable them to go through a part at all, in fact they have to pick up the "tune" by ear from the conductor or their more accomplished neighbors as best they can.

If a new work is attacked for the first time they simply sit and stare at the music, while those who really can sing, and more especially read at sight, go ahead and break the ice.

Of course it is not always possible for a chorister to be independent of incompetent but well-meaning choristers, but

nothing is more wearisome to a good capable singer than to have to attend rehearsals and waste his time listening to amateurs struggling along simple passages that he renders freely at sight and with finished expression at second reading.

Now does the trouble end with one rehearsal. Often enough after an evening has been spent in patient drilling the choir separates, to come together a week later, only to find that so far as the greenhorns are concerned all has gone in at one ear and out of the other. These people who cannot read and can sing "a little" are in every choir and choral society in the city. I am not going to suggest any remedies for them just now, but there are besides a number of excellent choristers who in reality do most of the work and who would get along with less than half the practice that is now necessary if they were unhampered by these "hangars-on."

What is the matter with forming a society to which merit and ability will be indispensable requisites of admission?

In a city of the size of Toronto there can be no difficulty in getting together a hundred competent choristers, who can render ordinary oratorio and church music at sight, and there are half a dozen good choral masters quite competent to wield the baton.

Such a chorus would prepare Gounod's Redemption in half a dozen rehearsals, while any of the existing societies would want as many months to do the work.

What is more, there are plenty of good singers who would gladly devote a few evenings to chorus work in good company, but who will not be bothered wasting night after night listening to amateurs trying to sing three notes up a scale after learning the "tune." Let us have one good select chorus—it will not interfere with those in existence. But make the motto "No greenhorns need apply."

Yours truly,
SECOND BASS.

Our friends from the Land o' Cakes no doubt anticipate a treat next Monday and Tuesday, when the Balmoral Choir will give concerts at Association Hall. As before, their programmes will embrace part songs and solos, with recitations by Mr. Patrick.

The Toronto Orchestral Association, which is the successor of the Torrington Orchestra, has commenced rehearsals for the season with gratifying prospects. It will give two concerts during the winter in aid of the University Library Fund.

The Drama.

The Millionaire, presented by Daniel Sully and company at the Grand Opera House this week, is a rather taking play of the realistic-sensational variety. It deals with the struggle between two corporations in the building of railroads.

James O'Brien is a contractor who is striving to finish his road before the charter expires. The rival concern, run by an English syndicate, use every means in their power to obstruct his work. Several stratagems are tried, but the wily O'Brien is too crafty for them.

He gets into the enemy's camp in disguise and succeeds in winning the affections of the sister of his chief opponent as well as in finding out his plans. This, combined with the circumstance that O'Brien's foreman falls in love with the pretty daughter of the solicitor for the syndicate, furnishes the necessary sentimental element.

A desperate effort is made to induce O'Brien's laborers to strike just as the track is almost finished. The Italian or "dago" element among them does strike, but the Irish element is induced by many references to the honor of their country and their race to stand by the O'Brien.

The last spike is driven just before the inspection train arrives and O'Brien is triumphant. The track-laying scene is most realistically done.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

(Whisper): They say Pat Rooney has quit singing his new song, I'm a Cousin to Parnell.

Mr. E. S. Willard, the English actor, scored a great success in New York last week in The Middlemarch.

Vanity Fair is responsible for the interesting announcement that Mary de Navarro, nee Anderson, is about to become a mother.

Emma V. Sheridan and Julia Marlowe, two of the brightest young women on the American stage, have been seriously ill recently.

They say Florence St. John is getting out her impressions of America in book form. She thinks the Americans are slow to tumble to a joke.

Mrs. Kendal's days in New York, it is said, are filled with social engagements. Receptions, calls, and other duties among the "best" people, together with her professional work, make her a very busy woman.

Mr. William J. Romaine, who is traveling with the McDowell company as understudy, is a Toronto boy. Out of courtesy to Mr. Romaine, he was allowed to play the part of

real sleepers are imbedded in real sand and real iron rails are laid on them. To complete the realism a small locomotive with drive wheels and rods and pistons and a steam whistle rolls on the real track. Mr. Sully has in The Millionaire the best medium for his peculiar line of talent that has yet been afforded him. It has a strong Irish flavor. It does not drag or grow wearisome. It has humor enough and sensation enough to make it a most successful popular play. It is a decided upward step for Mr. Sully.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, who will appear in "The Ugly Duckling" at the Grand Opera House on Monday next brings with her a very strong company, some of the members having been selected last summer in London, and brought over especially to support her. Mr. Arthur Dacre, who played the leading role of Douglas Oakley, created in London, the great part of Jim the Penman, a story which was afterward used in every English-speaking part of the globe, and Mr. Dacre's impersonation of him copied.

Mr. E. J. Henley is also an English actor of renown. He has, however, been seen in Canada before where his talents are well known. Mr. Ian Robertson comes from London as does also Mr. Mervyn Dallas. Mr. W. H. Thompson and Mr. R. T. Cotton are both American actors of worth and reputation and so is Mr. Raymond Homes, who is also an English actor, but for a long time a member of Mr. Augustus Daly's New York Company. The ladies of Mrs. Leslie Carter's company are equally well known. The ever-beautiful Miss Helen Bancroft has been seen here before, and so has Miss Ida Vernon, who was a member of Mr. Daniel Frohman's New York Lyceum Company, and Miss Helen Russell, who was for many years with Mr. A. M. Palmer's New York Madison Square Company. Mrs. Carter is a handsome woman. She has an abundance of long, light hair, which grows prettily around a smooth forehead. Her blue eyes are big and expressive. She is shapely, lithesome, and remarkably graceful. She has an air of refinement and distinction. Her voice is full, musical, and capable of good modulation. Nature has outfitted her generously for the profession which she has chosen, and her first public performance was a remarkable triumph of her own aptness and her trainer's skill in developing her faculties.

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Yours truly,
SECOND BASS.

Cis Farrington in the Saturday matinee performance while the company was here. The manner in which he does his work is very promising, and we may expect great things of him some day.

The Echo de Paris says that on the day following the first production of Cleopatra a well-known critic, who had "slated" the play, received the following from the incensed author:

My DEAR FRIEND: I should like to have come and taken your hand to-day, but after your article of this morning I can offer you only my little finger. Yours truly,

VICTORIAN SARDOU

The New York Dramatic News is holding a voting competition as to the most popular treasurer in any theater or with any traveling company in America, and is offering a fine gold watch to the successful man. On the long list our own "Andy" Small stands third from the top. If there is anyone who can sell a ticket or stand off a dead-beat with more urbanity than A. J. Small, he is a walking smile.

According to an article in the New York Press, actors are large investors in real estate. The heaviest real estate owner is said to be Maggie Mitchell. Her property is valued at from \$200,000 to \$350,000, and is scattered all over Harlem. Lotta is believed to possess over \$200,000 worth of real estate. Oliver Doud Brown has \$100,000 in landed property, principally in Brooklyn and down at Long Branch. Nell Burgess is another land-owner. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel's hotel at Manchester-by-the-Sea is worth \$100,000. Mrs. Langtry owns considerable land in California. Mary Anderson-Navarro has property in New York, London and Louisville. Fanny Rice has a farm in Vermont, Mme. Modjeska has property in California, Fanny Davenport owns a place at Canton, Pa., Clara Morris has real estate in several New York neighborhoods, and Mrs. D. P. Bowers also has property in New York. Booth and Barrett own houses in New York and Boston. Louis Aldrich has property in the latter city. Mrs. McKee Rankin has the Knolls at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson; Nellie McHenry has a cottage at Long Branch, Lena Merville a house in Yonkers, Milton Nobles is believed to have property worth \$100,000 in Brooklyn, Georgia Cayvan owns a house in New York, W. H. Crane owns several houses in New York and his own place at Cohasset, Mass., J. H. Stoddart owns a \$20,000 piece of property in New Brunswick, N.J., J. H. Ryley's possessions in New Rochelle are believed to be worth \$50,000. Harry McDouough owns a house and lot at Orange, N.J., Charles Plunkett is a landlord at Orange, N.J., John Webster's property at Long Branch is worth \$30,000; James O'Neill owns property in New York valued at \$10,000. Ada Rohan owns two houses in New York, and Herbert Kelcey is said to be a real estate owner in England.

Varsity Chat.

The students of Wycliffe College held an informal social assembly in one of the upper rooms in the college one night last week. The freshmen were, in glowing speeches, welcomed to the college halls, and they in turn returned thanks for all the favors shown them by their seniors. Mr. Cunningham, B.A. (T.C.D.), a student of the college, who was a passenger on the Vancouver on her last trip to this country, gave a vivid account of the dangers and terrors of the mighty deep. The freshmen were not the least inclined to levity as Mr. Cunningham was speaking.

The students in the medical department will dine at the Rossin House on the evening of December 4. The medicals are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm with which they maintain their annual banquet. Why should the arts men not follow the good example of their brethren?

"The Champions" is the term applied to our Association football team, which has not met with a reversal or defeat this year. The boys have brought honor to the "Varsity" in this line of activity. The football season is now over and the champions have the best wishes of their fellow-students that success may also wait upon and attend them in their studies. The fleetfooted W. E. Buckingham and the ever-alert D. M. Duncan were a host in themselves on the team.

The members of the senate are seriously considering the advisability of adopting the system of University Extension which has been tried and found to be popular in England. If this system is adopted here our professors and lecturers will be delivering lectures and addresses on university subjects throughout the province. Local examinations will be held for the benefit of those who attend the lectures, and certificates will be granted to those who give sufficient indication of possessing adequate knowledge of the subjects lectured upon.

The Modern Language Club did not discuss Carlyle and His Works on Monday last, as the regular meeting was adjourned to afford an opportunity to the members of the club to view the football match, "Varsity v. Grand Trunks."

The students of the School of Practical Science have a library for their separate use. Mr. Andrew Lane is librarian. The annual banquet of the school will be held at Webb's next Friday night. Mr. W. Russell represented the boys at the McGill College banquet last Thursday night.

They say Pat Rooney has quit singing his new song, I'm a Cousin to Parnell.

Wal, yes, ther's bin a bit uv shade, ev by them years hev run.

Jest what 'ad help me all the more to 'preciate the sun.

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN
Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Mervyn moved across to the fire, and stood warming his hands at the blaze. Ms. Vansittart sat just where he was without moving a muscle.

Mervyn's face had put on a look of great resolution. He fixed his eyes upon his host, and gradually drew, as it seemed, an answering gaze upon his own face. Then he made a pass or two with his hands across the fixed wide-open eyes, and touched one of the arms, which were cold and stiff and rigid.

"Well, I have him now," he said to himself. "The question is, shall I make any use of the power? How far are the means justified by the end? I should like to know what he did with that poor creature he married."

"She is in this house."

The words came as if from a long distance off. Mervyn, who had spoken aloud unconsciously, started at hearing an articulate answer to his thoughts.

"In this house?—passing under a false name? Miss Vansittart—

"Is my sister. The dead need no names."

"Then your wife is dead?"

"She is dead."

"And in this house?"

"In this room."

Mervyn looked round with a sort of shudder.

"Where?"

"You may find her behind the paneling between the two windows. She is kept there out of the tender love—bore her by her husband. Even her death could not separate them," and the laugh with which the words were accompanied was ghastly.

Mervyn had no special curiosity to pry into horrors, but the idea of the dead woman absolutely kept in the rooms occupied by the husband, who had possibly made away with her, was altogether too terrible for evidence of the testimony of the senses. Making a few more passes so as to ensure a prolongation of the mesmeric trance, the Viscount crossed the room, and proceeded to examine carefully the woodwork between the two windows.

"Third panel from the ground—search from right-hand window—press the middle headed knob—then you will have it."

The directions came again as if in answer to the unspoken thought, and in the same low, hollow tone.

Mervyn followed the injunctions; pressed the spring, and immediately the whole of the woodwork slid noiselessly back, revealing to his astonished eyes the upright form of a woman to all appearances living and ready to step out of the narrow recess in which she was enshrined.

Mervyn started back with an exclamation of horror, which was not lessened when he became convinced that he was face to face with a corpse.

It was, in fact, the body of a woman beautifully embalmed, and it was enclosed in a sort of oblong box or coffin with a glass lid, which had been put up on end so as to give the body an upright position. The woman was completely clothed in long white garments, and the hair was loose and flowing. The face was not beautiful, though the repose of the last long sleep gave it a beauty of its own. The figure was slightly malformed, one shoulder being higher than the other, though the veil of flowing hair almost hid this from view. The eyes were closed, and the lips seemed to smile.

This, then, was the ghastly secret of this lonely house. It was true, that strange rumor which placed the Vansittarts under a ban. Mervyn had discovered something of the man's past life, and of his wealthy marriage, by carefully prosecuted investigation carried on during the past weeks; but he had not yet brought himself to believe that the wretched victim of his greed for gold had actually been done to death by the machinations of this pale, smiling villain, who had had the nerve to embalm his victim's body and conceal it in the very room in which he sat.

And yet it was hardly possible to doubt that such had been the case. The rumors afloat were not without foundation. The miserable woman had been brought to this house to die. Her existence had been kept a secret; so that no man had been made at her death; and in a sort of defiance of consequences the husband had indulged his extraordinary caprice by turning his victim into a memento of his own skill and cunning. All this was plain to Mervyn's own mind, though at present he was in no condition to prove anything. And this man was Corona's guardian. Two sweet, innocent lives were entrusted to his keeping, together with the wealth, that would be a balt to a man less steeped in avarice and crime than that of this terrible Vansittart.

Mervyn closed the sliding panel with an irrepressible shudder, and crossed the room again. He fixed his gaze upon the sleeper, and presently the still figure moved somewhat. The Viscount turned away and bent his gaze upon the glowing heart of the fire. It was almost exactly the position he had been in when his host's eyes had first closed in that strange slumber.

"Have I been asleep? I seem to have had a momentary lapse of memory."

"Have you, indeed? It cannot have lasted long. Well, I am afraid you have failed to make out much with the rod and the crystal. Perhaps after this un-successful experiment you will cease to continue our investigations?"

"Hum—no! I think not. It is true the crystal—but still there is something remarkable in the child seeing anything at all there. If one could but divine the future—is there no power of doing that?"

"I have not the secret, if there is one. What was revealed to-day—if anything was revealed, that is—referred to the past."

Mr. Vansittart's thin lips seemed nothing but gray lines in his face.

"If I and the child were alone would the crystal reveal its secrets?"

I doubt it. You have not the magnetic touch to which the rod responds; and the child fears you. She does not do your bidding willingly. At my request she responded at once. Nothing can be done with an unwilling medium. The spirit must be in complete subjection."

"At least leave me the rod and crystal. I may discover some latent charm."

"You may. I have observed a curious thing already with the rod. When I take it in my hand in this room it always seems to point in the direction of that panelled space between the windows. I can feel it shifting in my hand much as a magnet shifts in a compass. It might be curious to investigate and see if possible what was meant by that occult attraction. But I fear I weary you by my experiments. I will leave you to-night, and leave my properties behind. Some other day, perhaps, we may be more successful."

Mr. Vansittart's face was pale to the verge of ghastliness. His hand shook as he placed it within that of his guest.

"No, no; it is nothing. I am a little overdone. The heat of the room—nothing else. These subjects always affect me slightly. There is something strange in it all. Good-bye, Lord Mervyn. Another day perhaps we will continue our investigation. I wish I had your powers. I would give much for your gifts. Are they born in man, or can they be acquired?"

more bitterly. He does not come into the bar, so she does not see him face to face; but she has caught a glimpse of him now and then, and her description tallies with yours."

Marjorie hid her face on her lover's shoulder.

"Oh, Keith, I am so ashamed!"

"Why ashamed, sweetheart?"

"Of my parents—of what they stoop to do. I cannot think how you can bear the sight of me."

"There is no accounting for taste, is there, Marjorie? Well, keep your bright eyes open, little one, and let me know all you find out. We are to circumvent their machinations between us, you know, and heal the family feuds."

"If we only could!"

"At least we can try. Everything is possible; and it is the only satisfactory way of bringing us together. You know the old song, 'Love will find out the way'—we must try to show the truth of it in our case."

Meantime in and around the church various little dramas were being enacted. For the first time for many weeks Mervyn and Cedric were enjoying a confidential talk in the old yew walk, that with its reputation for ghostly ways was avoided after dark by casual passers by.

Mervyn without revealing to Cedric all his own fears with regard to Corona's position in that ghastly house, was seriously discussing the possibility of a run-away marriage, to be followed up by an appeal at law for the transfer of the guardianship of the younger sister into the hands of some one of less questionable character; and Cedric, who needed no urging to make Corona his own, listened with avidity only longing for the power to see his beloved in peaceful security, that he might seriously reopen the question with her. But she was kept more secluded than ever, and the stolen interviews upon the beach were only as crumbs to a starving man.

Mervyn knew nothing of this last plan of Cedric's. He did not wish to know more of his friend's secrets than was necessary. He was forced to be very cautious just now, and Cedric understood his position too well to attempt needless confidences.

He was anxious, too, about the Viscount; Mervyn began to wear a worn and harassed look. The mutterings of discontent in the air were growing ominous; and at times a mingling crossed Cedric's mind whether Corona's beauty and charm had not worked havoc in the heart of his friend. This thought always brought with it a spasm of keen pain; for he loved Mervyn as one man seldom loves another; and it seemed a cruel thing to inflict all his lover's rambles, hopes, and fears to the generous keeping of one who, were he less kind and true-hearted, might well be playing the part of rascal instead of that of trusty and faithful friend.

But this was not a subject he could approach with Mervyn. There are certain limits even to the closest friendship, and on this ground even Cedric might not venture. He did wonder whether possibly a haunting sorrow might not be the cause of Mervyn's changed look, his falling off in flesh and color, and also for the perfect carelessness he showed with regard to the possible perils of his own position.

Cedric had repeated the gypsy's warning delivered on the night of the masked ball; and it had been received with the utmost sang-froid. Mervyn was much obliged to all the mysterious beings who watched over his fate; but he had set himself a task to do, and he was not going to be turned back until all was accomplished.

"But you can take reasonable care of yourself, at least," urged Cedric. "I wish you would not be out after dark alone."

"I am not often; and I can't see that it matters. If any one is bent on assault, I can shoot at me over a hedge by day, as easily as beat out my brains with a cudgel at night. On the whole I think I should prefer the former method."

"Do you carry a revolver with you?"

"Oh dear, no! I hate being bothered with such tools."

"I wish you would, then."

"Really, I'm afraid you must excuse me. But if I had it I don't suppose I should ever use it. I've a constitutional dislike to shooting human beings."

Cedric gave a half laugh. There was something in Mervyn's languid drawl that half-annoyed and half-annoyed him; but he knew him too well to persist.

"Well, go your own way. Perhaps you know best. I've seen you get through worse scrapes than this unscrupulous."

"I do not know what you call being jealous; but I wonder if you would like it if I went walking in the woods with somebody else."

"Suppose you try?"

"You mean you would not care? Then it is true what every body says of you—that you never care for me really, but make love to everyone you meet. I understand now why you like it kept so secret. There will be nothing to compromise you now. Good-bye, Keith."

"Is that a final good-bye, Marjorie?"

"Yes. I shall never speak to you again."

"Ah, because I speak sometimes to Dinah?"

"Because you are not true to me. You think as all men think, that you can do anything for you; that all the world is made for you; that you can amuse yourself as long as you please and then throw everything overboard. I know; I understand; I—"

"Well, go your own way. Perhaps you know best. I've seen you get through worse scrapes than this unscrupulous."

"I do not know what you call being jealous; but I wonder if you would like it if I went walking in the woods with somebody else."

"Suppose you try?"

"You mean you would not care? Then it is true what every body says of you—that you never care for me really, but make love to everyone you meet. I understand now why you like it kept so secret. There will be nothing to compromise you now. Good-bye, Keith."

"Is that a final good-bye, Marjorie?"

"Yes. I shall never speak to you again."

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

VIOLET BECOMES A PRISONER.

"What do you mean, Wilhelm Mencke, by treating me in this shameful manner?" Violet demanded, indignantly, as she sank, panting, upon the seat opposite, and as far away from her companion as possible, her eyes blazing, whose whole attitude expressive of mingled anger and loathing.

The man laughed, a low laugh of amusement and triumph, for he had succeeded in his scheme so much more easily than he had anticipated, notwithstanding he had been obliged to wait so long to carry it out, that he was very mirthful.

"It means, my pretty little sister-in-law, that I have long been pining for your charming society, which you have been bestowing of late upon that rich old codger up yonder, and I propose now to have you devote a little of it to me, who am your legal guardian," he replied.

"You are no longer my guardian; I repudiate you and your authority!" Violet cried, spiritedly.

"According to the will of your father, you do not reach your majority until you are twenty-one, and nearly a year will have to elapse before your next birthday," Mr. Mencke calmly returned.

"You were simply appointed the guardian of my property, and not of my person," Violet retorted; "and I demand that you release me instantly. I will not suffer such an indignity to be carried off forcibly like this. You have squandered all my fortune, so there is nothing now for you to guard, and I am abundantly capable of taking care of myself. Let me out immediately. Wilhelm," and forgetting her promise in her excitement, she turned to the window and began beating upon it to attract attention.

Wilhelm seized her hands and pulled her rudely back upon her seat.

"Stop that!" he cried, fiercely; "or it will be the worse for you. You promised you'd keep still and you must do it, or I'll gag and bind you."

Violet saw that it would be useless to try to escape from his power now, and so, rather than be gagged and bound, she resolved to make the best of her disagreeable situation; at least until the carriage should stop, when she hoped to attract the attention of some policeman or passer-by.

"Release my hands," she commanded, authoritatively.

"Aye, Yea."

Her hands were again, and she shrank away from him with a shudder of repulsion.

"I cannot understand your object in kidnapping me in this inhuman style," she resumed; "you certainly cannot have anything to gain now that my money is all gone, while you are liable to get yourself into serious trouble by such an act of violence."

"Your latter statement I admit, Miss Huntington," her companion responded, ironically. "I am liable to get into trouble, but I have taken every precaution to avoid any such result, while what I am to gain remains to be seen later."

"It is money that you want, Wilhelm. I will give you every dollar that I possess if you will take me home," Violet said, appealingly, and trembling with nervous anxiety, for she saw that they were now being driven through streets that were ill-lit and almost deserted.

"How much do you possess, Violet?" Wilhelm Mencke inquired, with some curiosity.

"I do not know exactly, but I have saved nearly the whole of my salary since I have been with Mr. Lawrence."

"How much did you pay you?"

Violet named the sum that she received, and the man laughed aloud in derision.

"Pretty well—pretty well, I must admit, for a little girl who never lifted her hand before to do anything for herself, and who always had all the money that she wanted to spend for the asking," he said, while his fat sides shook with irrepressible mirth. "Really, Violet," he added, sarcastically, "your tastes must have changed immensely if you have been content to get along with that sum. But it had no temptation for me, as I hope to realize many times the amount by this time."

"How! Violet I qurelied, in surprise.

"Well, in more ways than one. I have been told that the rich old banker is very fond of you, and probably he will offer a handsome reward for news of you when he discovers that you are missing."

"Shame! shame on you, Wilhelm Mencke! Have you fallen so low as that? Is it possible that you will descend to such an act of meanness to get money?" Violet cried, her voice ringing with scorn.

The man flushed hotly, for her words stung him low as he had fallen.

"A man must live," he muttered, sullenly.

"A man will work for himself," the young girl retorted, contemptuously; "none but ches, parasites, or vampires will prey upon others in such a way."

"Your tongue, my pretty sister, has lost none of its sharpness since your decease. Pray, is this the style of conversation that you have indulged in since you entered the heaven of Fifth avenue?" Wilhelm Mencke questioned, with a sneer.

Violet made no reply; she saw that it would be useless to contend with him regarding her release, and since she had no fear that he would do her any personal injury, she resolved to appear to submit to the inevitable and watch her opportunity to elude or outwit him.

The carriage now turned into a darker and narrower street, and the driver slackened the speed of his steeds.

Possessing he stopped, but as the carriage came to a halt Mr. Mencke leaned forward, and again grasped Violet by the wrists, and said, in a low, seductive tone:

"I don't want to hurt you, Violet, but I am going to gag and bind you before we get out, unless you will swear that you will make no sound to attract attention."

She realized that she was powerless in his hands and that it would be wise to yield entire submission to him for the present.

"There is no occasion for me to swear, but I will give you my word, which you know is as good as an oath," she returned, haughtily.

"All right," he answered, and at once let her go, for he knew that he could trust her.

He tapped upon the window of the carriage, and the man without immediately opened the door.

Wilhelm Mencke then got out, after which he assisted Violet to alight, and, without releasing his hold upon her, led her up the steps of a dark, desolate-looking house which he entered with a latch-key.

He drew his captive into the hall, which was as dark as the catacombs of Egypt, shutting and double locking the door after them, and Violet's heart sank with a feeling of utter desolation as she heard the carriage in which they had come, drive swiftly down the street.

Wilhelm Mencke then struck a match, and the young girl saw that they were in the long, narrow hall of an apparently unfurnished house. A flight of stairs, uncarpeted and unswep, led to the floor above, and thither her captor now drew her. She followed him without a word, but with a heart that grew heavier at every step.

Reaching the upper hall, Mr. Mencke paused before a door upon the right, and, after lighting another match, threw it open, revealing a comfortably, though rather sparsely furnished apartment.

A carpet, or an immense rug, somewhat

simply remarked, as she broke one of the delicious rolls in halves:

"They are as light as a feather."

No reply was vouchsafed to this, and Violet continued to eat her supper in silence for several moments.

At length she asked:

"Are you the woman who is to look after me while I am here?"

"Yes."

That and nothing more, and Violet began to think she would find it a difficult matter to make friends with so taciturn a jailor.

But she looked up at her with a pleasant smile; it was as natural for the young girl to smile as it was to breathe.

"Then I shall have to call you something," she said. "What shall it be?"

"My name is Sarah," was the brief response.

"Well, then, I suppose you want me to call you Sarah, and I presume Mr. Mencke has told you who I am?"

Violet was anxious to learn how much the woman knew about her.

"Yes, you are Miss Draper," Sarah tersely replied.

"Ah, Wilhelm had not given her last name that was that was cunning in him," she thought.

She nodded assent to the name, however, and then asked:

"Would you please tell me if you are to remain here over night, and where you are to sleep? I confess I feel somewhat lonely in this strange place."

"Yes, I'm to stay here, and I shall sleep in there," indicating by a gesture a door which appeared to lead into another room.

Violet felt greatly relieved by this information, and she showed it plainly.

"I wonder what I am going to do for a night-robe," she remarked. "I have none with me, nor any toilet articles, and it will be very inconvenient and uncomfortable to be without them."

"Well, miss, I can let you have a night-gown; 'twon't be a carbuncle one with lace and tucks and ruffles"—this with a slight sneer—but it'll be clean and white, and I'll tell your brother that you want a comb and brush."

"Thank you. I can get along very nicely, at least for a few days, if I can have those things; oh, but please tell Mr. Mencke to get a tooth-brush also," Violet said, graciously, and then having satisfied her appetite, she took up the glass of water beside her plate, and remarked:

"I would like to keep this glass for my flowers; may I?"

"I don't know any reason why you can't, miss," Sarah answered.

"Will you be kind enough to pass me that box?" Violet asked, pointing to a chair where her recent purchase lay.

The woman did as she was requested, and a quick look of delight swept over her face as the young girl opened it and removed the fragrance contents from their wrappers.

"You love flowers," Violet said, as she noted the wistful expression that crept into her eye.

Her face hardened instantly, and she gave vent to a short bitter laugh.

"What business have poor folks to like such things when they can't get what they want to eat?" she demanded, in a harsh, sullen tone.

"It is too bad, isn't it?" Violet said, in a sympathetic voice, "but you shall have some of these if you like," and separating some of the choicest from the others, she laid them upon the tray, and put the remainder in the glass.

Sarah shut her lips tightly together, as if determined to return no acknowledgment for the unusual gift; but her eyes, nevertheless, lingered greedily on the lovely blossoms, as she lifted the tray and passed silently from the room.

(To be Continued.)

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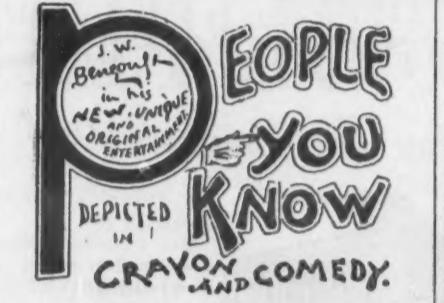
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Pavilion, November 24 and 25

Reserved seats, piano and tickets at Goulay, Winter & Laming's, 183 Yonge Street (Giltin's old stand). Popular prices.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the shareholders of the Standard Steel Rolling Company of Toronto, will be held at the office of the Company, No. 35 Front Street East, Toronto, on TUESDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF DECEMBER, 1890, at 3 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of transacting and confirming such business and contracts as may come before the meeting.

Toronto, Nov. 13 1890. R. C. WARREN, Sec.

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All popular round dances have their origin with Prof. Jno. F. Davis, who has taught dancing in Toronto 23 years. He teaches no trashy dances, such as the "Armenia Polka," etc. Two hundred and thirty pupils have registered since Sept. 1. Go there and do likewise, and be safe from disappointment. Classes for old and young. Academy, bright and new, 102 Wilton Avenue. PROF. JNO. F. DAVIS.

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SUBJECT:

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Plan will open at Newliners' November 20. Orders for reserved seats from parties outside the city will receive prompt attention. Address by letter or telegram to Messrs.

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Monday, November 24—Scotch Night

Tuesday, November 25—Miscellaneous

Reserved seats, 50c. and 75c., at Nordheimer's. Plan open 17th inst.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY

The 54th Anniversary will be celebrated by a

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At the Horticultural Garden Pavilion, on the evening of

Tuesday, December 2, 1890

Cards of Admission—Gentlemen, 64; Ladies, 32

To be had from the Committee.

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A POINTER ABOUT FURS

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NOTWITHSTANDING the prices of Seal Skins have been largely advanced I will continue to

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OAK HALL

Scribner's Magazine

For the coming year will be noteworthy for a number of special features which the Publishers believe are of very unusual interest, and among them the following may be mentioned:

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

contributes to the December number the first of a series of four Articles upon Japan, its people, its ways, and its thoughts. Mr. Robert Blum, who was commissioned to go to Japan for Scribner's Magazine, has prepared a very remarkable series of drawings to illustrate Sir Edwin's papers. Articles upon the recent Japanese Festival will follow, illustrated by Mr. Blum.

THE WRECKER

a Serial Novel by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, will run through a large part of the year. Illustrated by Holt. A two-part story by Frank R. Stockton will also appear.

PROF. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.

author of "The African Commonwealth," will write a series of Four Articles upon India, embodying the results of his recent journey and studies on this land of never-ending interest.

GREAT STREETS OF THE WORLD

is the title of a novel collection of articles on which the author and artist will collaborate to give the characteristics of famous thoroughfares. The first, on Broadway, will be written by Richard Harding Davis, and illustrated by Arthur B. Frost. Others will follow on Piccadilly, London, Boulevard, Paris; The Corso, Rome.

The price of Scribner's Magazine admits of adding a subscription to one's other reading at very small cost. Orders should be sent at once.

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I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

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IN OVERCOATS we offer the best in Style, in Workmanship and Fit that can be had in the city, and at prices that cannot be equalled by any other house. If we should not have one in stock to suit you, remember we make to order and in all cases guarantee a fit or no sale. Come and see our Heavy Weight Overcoats, Wind and Waterproof, Impenetrable for any kind of weather to penetrate them.

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